The Spiritual Age.

DEVOTED TO RATIONAL SPIRITUALISM AND PRACTICAL REFORM.

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Spiritual and Reform Literature.

ISAAC ROLYAT'S PRESENTIMENT.

A STORY OF PIONEER LIFE IN KENTUCKY.

Isaac Rolyat was the patriarch of the village in which he lived, and was universally respected and beloved for his intelligence, his piety, and the blameless purity of his life. For nearly a half century he had been a professor of religion, and was, at the time I saw him, a member of the Methodist Church. Notwithstanding his advanced age, his intellect was still strong and quick, with a decided predominance of the practical over the imaginative in its structure. He possessed a large fund of pioneer anecdotes, which he told with much skill and effect.

During one of my college vacations, I became a frequent guest at the house of the hospitable old man. He used to entertain me for hours with thrilling tales of border life. The manifest absence of all attempt at either exaggeration or display in his conversation, independent of the guaranty of his truthful character, made me credit his narratives of personal adventure as strictly true.

One evening our conversation chanced to turn upon the ghostly theme of apparitions, dreams, and presentiments.

"I have," said Mr. Rolyat, "a personal experience of my own upon the subject of presentiments so remarkable, that I became a firm believer in their reality many years ago. The reflection and observation of subsequent life have confirmed my faith, and I shall die as I have lived, unshaken in the belief that a presentiment saved me from an untimely death."

I expressed, what I really felt, an anxious desire to hear the particulars of his premonition. He readily consented to relate them, and I listened with thrilling interest to the following most remarkable narration:

"It was," said Mr. Rolyat, "sometime in the year 1786 that I emigrated to Kentucky, which was at that time a frontier county of the State of Virginia. I was then quite a young man, and, by profession, a practical surveyor. I found at once constant and profitable employment, in locating the land claims of the numerous settlers. The range of my business extended over a wide scope of country, following the line of the settlements as they struck deeper and farther out into the wilderness. From the nature of my employment, I was necessarily much in the woods, often entirely alone, and soon acquired the love of adventure, and the indifference to personal peril which seem the spontaneous production of a wild and roving life. The country was comparatively a wilderness. With the exception of the growing settlements which here and there dotted the surface, an unbroken expanse of forest stretched out, apparently to illimitable distances, in all directions. Sheltered in the woody retreats, the wild beasts and the Indians held a divided sway, and surrounded the path of the adventurous intruder with multiplied perils. Fierce wars raged between hostile tribes, or between the receding Indians and the encroaching whites. But, as the white population increased, a new and more formidable peril was introduced to menace the traveller and annoy the solitary dwellers in the wilderness. Gangs of desperadoes infested the highways, and filled the country with scenes of violence and blood. It became unsafe to travel alone, and especially in the night. The solitary or the belated traveller, in some of the more sparsely settled portions of the country, was almost sure to lose his purse, and often his life, at the hands of individual plunderers, but more frequently of confederated robbers. The law was utterly powerless to protect the travelling public. Personal prowess and vigilance, pistols and daggers, supplied the place of a police.

"Living in the midst of such scenes and excitements, my nature, naturally fearless, soon acquired a spirit defiant of all the dangers which encompassed the exposed life I was leading. Still, I was always wide awake when abroad, and ever keenly on the watch when I had occasion to pass from one place to another, in making my surveys. I always went well mounted and well armed, and travelled, especially when unaccompanied, only in the day. On one occasion I had been locating claims at some distance from my place of residence, which was in a settlement now embraced in the county of Cumberland, and, having been absent for several weeks, I had become exceedingly anxious to return home. Mounting my horse about mid-day, I hoped, by dint of hard riding, to reach a noted stand on my return home by sunset. In this, however, I was destined to be disappointed. The roads were miry from rain and frost, and my horse, in spite of the solicitation of whip and spur, floundered so slowly along them, that the day closed when I was still many miles distant from my place of destination. I rode on in the deepening darkness, chilled by the keen October air, and revolving almost unconsciously in my mind the many tales that I had heard of robbery and assassination committed upon belated travellers like myself. The glimmer of a light through the woods, and the welcome bark of a dog, betokened a human habitation near the road. A slight call brought the occupant to the door, who readily consented to entertain me for the night. I dismounted, and my host, a stout, rough-looking man, inviting me to enter his cabin, immediately led my horse to the stable.

"Entering the open door of the house, I found a cheerful fire blazing and crackling upon the hearth. The room was small, but close and comfortable. A side door revealed another apartment, which, as I conjectured, was the one I should occupy for the night. The furniture of both rooms was scant, almost to destitution. I saw no other inmate. The spirit of loneliness seemed to hover over the place as I entered.

"Seating myself on one of the three-legged stools near the fire, I stretched out my numbed hands and feet to receive the grateful heat. The comfort of returning warmth in a few moments diffused itself over my whole person. I felt even exhilarated, as the torpidity of cold passed off, and my mind ceased to recall the grim memories and traditions which haunted me during my lonely ride.

"Suddenly a most peculiar and thrilling sensation shot along my nerves, and flashed like an instantaneous glow all over me. I had never before, and have never since, experienced any sensation at all similar to it. It was like, and yet most unlike, the nervous shuddering produced by the shock from an electric battery. I felt at the same time a sort of dread—an apprehension, vague and indefinable—that danger of some kind was near me. My first thought was that sudden and serious illness of some sort had seized upon me. I rose from my seat and walked across the room. Every step that I took seemed to increase the tingling sensation in my body, and the apprehensiveness, changing rapidly to terror, in my mind. An impulse, which I did not care or attempt to resist, drew me towards the door through which I had entered. I stepped out, and felt at once entirely relieved, in both body and mind.

"I was perplexed, but not alarmed, by the singularity of the occurrence. Feeling entirely relieved, and the night air being quite cool, I went back into the house, and resumed my seat by the fire. I had scarcely seated myself, when the nervous tremor and sense of dread returned with redoubled violence. They came as at first, suddenly, and without premonition of any kind. My nerves seemed to quiver with a sort of vibratory thrill, and the mental emotion amounted to absolute horror. I leaped up and sprang out of doors. The same result followed as before. In an instant the tingling thrill vanished from my body, and the shuddering horror passed from my mind.

"I was almost stunned with amazement. I scarce knew what to think or what to do. Still believing that the phenomenon was entirely natural in its character, produced, perhaps, by the sudden transition from cold and darkness to light and warmth, I ventured once more to enter the room, and resume my seat by the fire. I had scarce touched the stool, when I sprang from it with a shriek of horror and alarm. Every nerve in my body seemed to be on fire. The hair of my head stood on end. My heart beat violently, the perspiration burst from my forehead, and I shook all over with a terrible and indefinable ague-fit of alarm. Rushing to the door, I felt the agony of mind and body pass from me as soon as I had crossed the threshold.

"A few steps from the door I met the grim landlord returning from the stable, with my bridle and saddle swung across one of his sinewy arms. I requested him to re-saddle my horse, as I had decided to go on to the next stand that night. He remonstrated strongly against the undertaking, urging the darkness of the night, the distance of the route, and the danger of robbery or assassination.

"I did not care to reason the matter with him, much less to disclose the motive for my resolution to go on, in defiance of the perils he so eagerly arrayed before me. The peremptory tone in which I repeated the call for my horse, without the least notice of what he was saying, put a stop to his expostulation. He returned to the stable, and in a few moments brought me my horse. I offered to pay him for the trouble I had given, but he sharply and positively declined to receive any compensation. Having examined the priming of my pistols, I bade my sullen host good-night, and rode off. At a late hour of the night I reached the cross-road tavern, and, after partaking of a good supper, soon found oblivion for the events of the day in a deep and refreshing sleep."

"But, Mr. Rolyat," said I, "this does not seem to me to have been a presentiment."

"Wait," he replied, "until you have heard the conclusion of the matter, and you will be better able to judge whether it was or not. Time passed on. The events which I have just related had almost faded from my memory. I had married and settled where I am now living. Kentucky had become a State of the Union, and I saw a busy and thriving population dwelling where I had seen a wilderness, inhabited only by wild beasts and Indians. It was a wonderful transformation, and I can even now scarce credit the evidences of the mighty change which I have witnessed.

"At length business called me to the county seat of a neighboring county. On my arrival, I found a large crowd assembled to witness the execution of a noted criminal, who had been convicted of robbery and murder, and sentenced to be hung. I am by no means partial to such spectacles. I think that they are brutalizing in their effects upon the mind and feelings of the spectator. But, somehow, I felt a desire to be present at this execution. It was rumored that the convict intended to make a confession, at the gallows, of all his evil deeds. This inflamed my curiosity, and so I went with the crowd to the place appointed for the awful expiation.

"An immense concourse of both sexes, as was customary in that day, was present. The place selected for the execution was at the base of some high hills, which formed by their declivities a natural amphitheatre for the accommodation of the spectators. The day was bright and still. Nature, in her silent beauty, seemed little in harmony with the awful spectacle which we were about to witness.

"Habited in his grave-clothes, and escorted by the military and the ministers of the law, the criminal at length arrived. He ascended the platform under the gallows with a firm step, and looked round with an air of careless indifference upon the vast assemblage. The sheriff whispered something intended for his ear alone. He rose and advanced to the side of the platform that faced the bulk of the crowd. The murmur of expectation was succeeded by universal silence. Every one seemed eager to hear what he was about to say.

"Standing near the platform, I had a full view of the criminal. He was an old man, apparently more than seventy years of age. His hair was white and thin. His person was stout and thick-set. His eyes, which were fierce and peculiarly malignant in expression, glared with hate and scorn, as he surveyed the expectant crowd. The bronzed face, upon whose adamant features no line of sensibility or kindly feeling was visible, attested a life of hardened villainy and crime. As he stood there, in the full blaze of the mid-day sun, defiant in look as in attitude, and apparently utterly indifferent to his impending fate, he looked to me like an incarnate demon, about to utter some fierce malediction upon the human race.

"He began his confession, and spoke for more than an hour, in a harsh and most repulsive tone of voice. I heard with the utmost distinctness every word that he uttered. I believe that some one wrote down, and afterwards published, the leading points of the confession. I will not weary you with a recital of its horrible details. He was, as it seemed, born with the instincts and the aptitudes which make a man the villain almost from his cradle. He grew up with favorable opportunities for indulging his appetite for crime, and became a murderer and robber by profession. Many and dire were the deeds of pillage and blood which he committed in the State of his nativity, and the sword of the avenging law slept peacefully in its scabbard, so far, at least, as he was concerned.

"Allured by the hope of both pillage and impunity, he came with the rushing tide of emigration to Kentucky, in the days of its early settlement. He built his cabin in the loneliest solitude of the wilderness, or in some mountain-gorge near the highway, that he might rob and murder the unwary travellers who became his guests. After a few successful feats of his murderous skill in one section, he took the precaution to remove to another, thus multiplying the chances against detection, and enlarging the field of his operations. Many an adventurous traveller, who had come to Kentucky in search of a new home, had gone down beneath his hand to a bloody grave, and left no sign of his taking off. He revelled in blood, and became, for a robber, almost rich with murderous spoil.

"So skilfully were his plans laid and executed, that they never failed of success. The selection and the fate of the victim followed each other by a sort of inevitable sequence. This unvarying success was attributable to his mode of assassination. He assailed no one in the daytime, or in the company of others. It was only in the dead hours of the night, in his own cabin, and upon the solitary traveller disarmed by sleep, that he ventured an attack. The suppression of all evidence of his crimes was comparatively easy and safe, in the lonely and unfrequented spots where he dwelt. Hence he had escaped detection, and even well-grounded suspicion, through a long career of crime.

"As the population of the State increased, and the police of the law became more vigilant, he retired to the mountainous and comparatively uninhabited districts, practising his grim trade upon a reduced scale of profit and of crime.

"During the nearly half century of his robber-life that had been spent in Kentucky, only one man had ever stopped at his cabin in the wilderness at night, and left it alive. In the early settlement of the country, a young man came out from Virginia, who was a practical surveyor. Being expert in his profession, and, at the same time, active and attentive, he soon acquired a large run of business. He always went well mounted and well armed, and seemed alike vigilant and fearless in his movements.

"'I took it into my head,' said the convict, 'that this young surveyor must always have about him, in his travels, considerable sums of money, arising from fees paid him by the settlers for surveys, or from deposits made with him to be paid into the land office for government warrants. He was, consequently, in my eyes, a rich booty; and, as he occasionally passed by my cabin, I hoped in time to have him for my guest. The wished-for event came at last. Once, on his return home from a surveying excursion, he was belated, and called at my cabin to spend the night. I was overjoyed when, on going out to take his horse, I saw, by a momentary flash of the firelight upon his features, that it was the wily surveyor who was about to become my guest. I led his horse to the stable, and he went in to the fire, for it was a raw night in October, and he appeared almost benumbed with cold. I fully purposed in my heart to murder him in his bed, and possess myself of his money. While stabling the horse, I arranged in my mind the details of a plan for his assassination. This was easily accomplished, for I had only to repeat what I had often done before. There was a door opening from my own room into the one in which I lodged the few guests that called upon me. It moved without noise upon its well-greased hinges, and fastened by a latch on the side next to the head of my bed. Through the thin board partition I could hear the slightest movement, even the breathing of a person in the adjoining room. As soon as my guest had fallen into the deep sleep which comes on after the fatigue of travel, I purposed to steal with noiseless step to his bedside, and kill him with the knife that I had always used on such occasions.

"'Having fed the horse, I returned to the house with my mind full of the murder I had planned and determined to execute. I met the surveyor in the yard, hurrying with a quick step from the house. In an excited and most peremptory tone of voice he requested me to saddle his horse, saying that he had decided to go on to the tavern at the cross roads. I told him that it was a long distance to travel alone on such a dark night, and that there was even danger of robbery and assassination, as there were robbers about, and a man had been murdered by them in the neighborhood only a few days before. He seemed to pay no attention to what I said, but repeated, in a louder and firmer tone of voice, the call for his horse.

"Somehow, I felt awed by his manner and voice, and immediately brought him his horse. He rode off, and I afterwards heard that he reached the tavern safely, but at a late hour of the night. I have never seen him since, as I soon after changed my residence to a distance from the region in which he made surveys.'

"These revelations of the criminal," contiuued Mr. Rolyat, "thrilled me with horror. I recognized in the grey-haired culprit my host of the wilderness cabin; and the surveyor, his intended victim, was unmistakably myself. All the events of that nearly forgotten adventure came back fresh to my memory. I recalled every incident of that terrible night—the thrilling sensation, the mental horror, the thrice-repeated agony of mind and body that I endured. Of these mysterious events I felt sure that the long deferred explanation had come at last. I could not fail to recognize in them a providential interference to rescue me from the peril that encompassed me.

"The recollection of those events, the scene which was transpiring before me, and, more than all, the awful certainty that a presentiment had been vouchsafed to deliver me from impending death, impressed me so powerfully, that I hurriedly withdrew from the crowd, dispatched my business, and returned home. From that day I became a firm believer in presentiments."—*Home Journal.*

SONNET.

I think we are too ready with complaint
In this fair world of God's. Had we no hope
Indeed beyond the zenith, and the scope,
Of yon gray blank of sky, we might be fain
To muse upon Eternity's constraint
Round our aspirant souls. But since the scope
Must widen early, is it well to droop
For a few days, consumed in loss and faint?
O pusillanimous heart be comforted;
And, like a cheerful traveller take the road,
Singing beside the hedge. What if the bread
Be bitter in thine inn, and thou unshod
To meet the flints? At least it may be said,
Because the way is short, I thank thee, God!

ELIZABETH BROWNING.

The Way to Philosophy.

When we *are* philosophers we shall *have* philosophy. Not being what we should be, our speculations are buffoonry. Could we understand the philosophy of a single moment, or atom, we should understand the philosophy of Infinity. "Who, by searching, can find out God?" Could I understand God in the structure of a head of foxtail grass, I should know more than all theosophists. Let me fall back and work the work of Nature, so shall I work the work of God, and be above all schools. What avails speculations in this slouched, vagabondish world? Eternity is made up of moments; let me live the present moment well, and I shall live forever well. Immensity is composed of square rods; let me tread well where I now stand, and I shall always have a good foothold. Christ was a true philosopher; let me be a Christian. I am conscious of acting according to my nature. "God," says Job, "giveth not account of any of his matters." Be he monotheistic or pantheistic, as some dispute, my duty is one—to live well. God is, and I am. God lives, and I live. God works, and I work. In God I shall be;—with this I am satisfied. A universe of beauty, love, joy and truth are before me; let me press on. So at least I feel to-day, and the morrow shall take for the things of itself.—*Judd.*

THE MONOPOLY OF SEX.

How happens it that there is but one unpardonable vice and one sacred virtue for woman? How happens it that she may be wilful, capricious, perverse, jealous, ill-tempered, careless, ignorant, selfish, a spendthrift, a detractress, all with popular impunity, if she be, or appear to be, what the world calls chaste? How happens it that, in her, talents, and honesty, and temper, and generous feeling, and independence of spirit, and benevolence, and disinterestedness, are all too light to outweigh a single venial crime? * * * How happens it that man's constancy and chastity are but single individual items in our estimate of his character, and that in woman's they are made to constitute the one thing needful, without which scarcely any virtue can entitle to respect, and with which scarcely any vice can degrade to dishonor?

How happens it? It happens because men have chosen to attach more importance to their own selfish fancies, than to the well-being and real virtue of women. It happens because an offence against man's vanity has been idly interpreted into a heavier crime than the worst offence against social welfare. It happens because our customs and our prejudices took their rise in a period when men were lords and masters, and women were closeted slaves; and because, although the lord and master's virtues are many and various, the slave's virtues are all comprehended in one word—OBEDIENCE.

But a time is coming when it will happen no longer. A time is coming when the indefeasible rights of mankind will be recognized and received. Then will the monopoly of sex perish, with other unjust monopolies; and women will not be restricted to one virtue, and one passion, and one occupation. Mothers will not tell their daughters that the object of life is to gain a husband and an establishment, nor will novels teach that the first sting of wounded affection contains a poison against which, in woman's case, there is no antidote to be gathered in the whole wide garden of life. Neither men nor women will then be expected, because they have been once deceived, to spend their after-lives in lamenting the deception. Men and women will be equally judged, not by a whimsical or a selfish etiquette, but by their real virtue; by their adherence to honor and justice; by the sweetness of their tempers; by the qualities of their hearts. Men and women will be equally encouraged to explore the fields of science, and to aid in the great work of human improvement. Men and women will equally be allowed to profit by experience; and if they have committed an error, to remedy and survive it. They will equally be taught to listen to the voice of suffered miseries, not as to the knell of their future fate, but as to the words of a friendly monitor, dearly purchased and highly to be prized; and they will be equally permitted if they have strayed from the paths of moderation and virtue to return to a better and happier life, like the prodigal son to the arms of his father; and to learn prudence from past excesses, and wisdom from former faults.—*Robert Dale Owen.*

IDEAL MANHOOD.

Every man, in whatever condition of life, has, we cannot doubt, his idea of what constitutes the highest type of manhood. No man is so degraded that he is not conscious of a higher condition and a nobler than that in which he is. No man has reached so exalted a state as not to feel within him the consciousness that the true type of manhood is far above the elevation to which he has attained. In every man with whom we are intimately acquainted, we see, more or less frequently, developments of littleness; of acts that are not in keeping with our estimate of the man. But probably we are each of us conscious of more of these weaknesses, these fallings off from what we would be, than the lookers on. How frequently do we offend our ideal of manhood. How often do we find ourselves doing precisely what our ideal man, our would-be self, has been telling us he never does. We fret, and scold, and get angry, and sooner or later our pattern of a man, which for the time was lost to sight, comes up before us, and we stand side by side with it before a mirror and see plainly our deformities.

The result perhaps is that the deformity is removed by future watchfulness. Our ideal man never gets angry because some other individual has, and abuses him. We can plainly see the advantage that our calm, self-collected man, with all his nobler faculties in full play, has over him who is the slave to his emotions. Our man gains the victory, of course. We feel that we *could* do the same thing, but the occasion comes in a way we do not expect, perhaps; we forget what we *would* do, and at the very outset, disarm ourself of our most potent weapons, and, whether, we triumph or not, we have in the conflict done some things that when we look at our ideal man, we are ashamed of. The true progressive is he who when his ideal man is thus offended, determines to do all he can in the future to avoid the stumbling blocks he has come in contact with. He makes beacons of them, by which he may steer his course in the future. The ideal man is also a progressive. As we take a step upward towards a higher life, our mental vision becomes clearer and we see qualities in him which before were hid from our view.

The root of revenge is the weakness of the soul.

The Spiritual Age.

Progress is the Common Law of the Universe.

A. E. NEWTON, S. B. BRITTAN, L. B. MONROE,
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SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1859.

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SPIRITUALISM IN RELIGION.—NO. II.

IDEAS OF GOD.

The idea of a Supreme Being, or of Superior Powers, as we have before shown, lies at the basis of every system of religion. To what conceptions does Spiritualism lead concerning such a Being or beings?

It is an almost self-evident truth, that men's conceptions of Deity correspond with their varying mental and moral conditions. If it be true that God made man in His own image at the first, it is equally true that man has been continually and necessarily making Gods in *his* own image ever since. Necessarily, because it is impossible for man to conceive of anything except as it is represented in his own consciousness. Cruel, vindictive and unreasoning people fashion to themselves a vengeful and arbitrary God; generous and lenient persons imagine a correspondingly benevolent and merciful God. It follows, then, that as man himself becomes more expanded, exalted, refined and perfected, so will his ideal of God become enlarged, elevated, spiritual and perfect. But it does not follow that God is *merely* an *imaginary* Being, though men's conceptions of Him are so. Electricity is not an *imaginary* (unreal) force, though the mass of people greatly mis-conceive its real nature.

It is often charged that Spiritualism is but a new and subtle form of Atheism, or at best a refined sort of Pantheism; or that, if not such in itself, it leads its adherents to these results. Let us examine carefully this allegation.

We are not disposed to deny that some spiritualistic writers (that is, believers in spirit-intercourse), and even some disembodied spirits, are doubters and indeed downright deniers of the existence of a Personal Deity—a Being who can be appropriately loved and revered as the Father of all spirits. But we do not accept this negation as any part of spiritual truth, or as a legitimate deduction therefrom.

On the contrary, such denial seems to us to result from want of sufficient spiritual insight to form a conception of a Personal Deity expanded enough to meet the demands of a growing intellect. It pertains merely to a transitional stage of mental experience—is incidental to the process of growth from childhood to manhood.

In childhood, we necessarily form limited and childish conceptions of Deity—for infantile minds can take in no others. Usually God is conceived of by the child as a being in human form—a stern and frowning old man—sitting up aloft somewhere just out of sight, watching constantly over the actions of human beings in general, and of little children in particular. By some he is supposed to sit on a literal throne, holding a scepter in his right hand, angels and saints bowing and singing around him. This mental picture, as the mind expands, is generally transferred to greater and greater distances, till at length the throne of Deity is imagined to be in the sun, on some far-off central star, or in some bright undiscovered world. Many persons do not outgrow this childish conception during life, and even devout astronomers have endeavored to descry the "dwelling-place of God" by peering through telescopic tubes.

In all such conceptions, the idea of Personality is associated with a *limited form*, outside of us as persons, and outside and distinct from all other persons and things in the universe, governing arbitrarily by an external force.

When, therefore, the expanding intellect and spiritual perceptions come to realize that such a circumscribed, outside being does not rationally meet the exigences of the case—is too puny to wield the mighty forces of so vast a Universe—or when disembodied spirits unitedly affirm that they have found no such visible Potentate and regal paraphernalia in all the spiritual realms—this long-cherished mental image is sure to vanish from the mind, and leave—what?

With some, to whom the revelation comes suddenly and without that internal growth which enables them at once to lay hold on a grander and firmer reality, it leaves for the time but blank Nothingness—utter Orphanage; and they perhaps feel to cry out in distress, as did Micah of old when robbed of his household deities, "Ye have taken away my Gods, and what have I left!" Or, there may be those who, having been dogged all their life-time by an unpleasant sense of accountability to this imaginary being, are but too happy to be rid of it even at the expense of with it losing all recognition of a Father's love and care. The first are the sorrowing Atheists, who are honestly groping in the dark, "feeling after God, if haply they might find Him." The last are the reckless Atheists, who prefer darkness and orphanage that they may feel the freer from restraint.

There are others, who, when the childish image fades from the mind, fall back upon the ever operative forces and invariable processes which they find existing and going forward around them; but failing to discover in these what they deem clear proofs of intelligence and goodness, recognize nothing but blind, impersonal "Laws of Nature," and commit themselves helplessly to an inexorable Fate. These are fatalistic Atheists.

Others, still, there are, who, perceiving unmistakable evidences of design, skill, and stupendous power in the universe, admit an intelligent Designer, but think little more can be known of Him than this—that after constructing and setting in motion the vast mechanism of Nature, he withdrew himself and takes no personal concern in its movements. This is common Deism.

There is yet another class, who regard all the forces, powers, qualities and capabilities exhibited in nature and in man, as inherent in matter itself, which is perpetually refining, and that these constitute all the Deity there is—though they do not invest the aggregate of these powers with anything like a clearly defined Personality, so as to present a Being who can be loved, confided in and revered as a Father. This is one form of Pantheism.

Beyond and distinct from all these, there is still another view, which is to us more complete and satisfactory than either; but to state it clearly will require more space than can be allowed for this article.

There are also several intermediate shades of conception, which we need not take up time to delineate. All these ideas are but the results of varied mental and moral states in those who entertain them—are but *reflected images*, more or less imperfect, which different individual mirrors give back, according to their qualities, of the grand universal Truth which blazes upon all alike.

Neither of these theories, let it be noted, belongs distinctively to Spiritualism, though individual Spiritualists and spirits may advocate them. Spiritualism, however, may be in many minds the stimulating cause of that mental and spiritual growth which dispels the rudimental idea of childhood, and compels to the necessity of seeking a worthier and truer conception. Nor do we think any honest, progressive, truth-seeking Spiritualist can long rest satisfied with either of these theories. The soul, from its inmost depths, cries out for a *living* God—it yearns for a FATHER—and will never be long at rest till it consciously reposes in His bosom.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION.

One of the most hopeful signs of the times is a turning of public attention to the importance of physical training, as a part of the education of youth. The truth is that the first business of education is with the body. Every school should be a gymnasium, and every teacher a *doctor* in the true sense of the term. Flabby muscles, feeble limbs, and weak nerves should be attended to as matters of prime importance—instead of overtaxing the brain and exhausting the nervous energies by too much study.

A few days since, Mr. Gould, member of the Mass. Legislature from Stoneham, appeared before the committee of that body on Towns, and presented an order contemplating the appointment in each town of the Commonwealth of a teacher of hygiene. Mr. Gould is a graduate of the Military Academy at Norwich and is an ardent advocate of physical training. The above project he enforced in some highly interesting and sensible suggestions, which the committee appeared to receive with much favor. The matter of baths, gymnasiums, &c., was considered as important means of physical health, without which man was crippled intellectually and morally.

It is almost too much to hope that a legislative body can be induced to take so important a step in advance; but by so doing it would set a most valuable example of useful legislation, and entitle itself to immortal renown.

Unitary Homes.

The Unitary Home established in New York last year, by Mr. E. F. Underhill, has met with such success that it has been removed to ampler quarters, and now occupies four large houses in Fourteenth street, having about eighty inmates. The rent, the fuel, the cost of the food and its preparation, are assessed pro rata on each tenant, and the result is elegant rooms and a rich table, at moderate cost. Mr. Underhill, (who is at the head of the Reportorial staff of the *Tribune*) recently gave an interesting public lecture on the subject. The *Journal's* correspondent says, that "If he was to be credited, nothing like it has been seen since the early days of Eden. The audience demanded the repetition of the lecture. In these days of high rents and costly living, the new plan is quite attractive."

Attempts to introduce such Homes in Boston have thus far proved unsuccessful.

Infidelity Denied.

Rev. Prof. Hitchcock defends himself from the charge of "infidelity" (mentioned in our columns last week), by showing that many learned and orthodox theologians agree with him; and by affirming that he believes Moses was "infallibly inspired" in collecting and arranging the more ancient fragmentary poems which he wrought into the Pentateuch, and that these are part of the infallible "Word of God." This explanation will perhaps quiet the alarm of the faithful; but it makes a sad rent in the popular theory of inspired writing. Besides, the Professor goes on to state a variety of conflicting interpretations of these "infallible" records, which leave it so much a matter of doubt *what they mean*, that it seems of small moment whether they were inspired or not. What is the use of an infallible revelation, unless we are infallibly inspired to understand it?

Sunday Schools.

The Spiritualists of Milford, Mass., are about establishing a Sunday School. Rev. Adin Ballou, who speaks to them once a fortnight, publishes in the *Practical Christian* a series of valuable suggestions on the subject, which we shall endeavor to transfer to our columns. He says very properly:

"If Spiritualists, Reformers, or Progressives of any sort, have embraced principles of truth and righteousness really valuable to themselves, they ought not only to disseminate them among their adult contemporaries, but give them to their children. What is not worth disseminating and inculcating thus is not worth preaching, hearing or promoting in any. The rising generation will soon be the *risen* generation. On their mental and moral character the gravest consequences depend. Let us do all we can to render them wiser, better and happier than the generality of their progenitors."

EMMA HARDINGE IN PHILADELPHIA.—Sansom Street Hall saw two of its old palmy houses on Sunday, 6th inst., to welcome Miss Hardinge back again. At the hour for the lecture it would seem that one could hardly have passed from the door to the platform, unless it were over the heads of the people, they were so densely packed. Fortunately the hall has a back entrance, or the speaker herself might have had difficulty in obtaining admission. It is proposed to take Concert Hall, or "the middle of the town," for her future lectures.

Miss H. has lectured on week evenings also in Baltimore, where she has been most cordially received by crowded congregations.

He who loves truth more than self or sect, will candidly give his opponents credit for all the truth they speak.

MORE "HATCHINGS."

"B. F. Hatch, M. D.," after one or more unsuccessful attempts, has at length succeeded in incubating an article vile enough to suit the taste of the N. Y. *Herald*. It was served up as Sabbath reading in that delectable sheet on Sunday the 6th inst.

The Doctor characterizes Spiritualism as "the most seductive, hence most dangerous form of sensualism which ever cursed a nation, age or people"—he represents Spiritualists as believing "that social corruption and conjugal infidelity is no wrong,"—he calls them indiscriminately a "hell-infested, God-forsaken people," and charges upon them generally the common practice of every form of brutalization, pollution and iniquity, in terms too foul to be repeated. At the end he piously exclaims, "I thank my God, far more than for any other event of my life, that I have escaped from among them." [Query: Did the Dr. ever think of *escaping* while he was pocketing $1200 a year by the public exhibition of one of these "hell-infested people"?]

The Dr. has even the audacity to quote the SPIRITUAL AGE as affording proof of his assertions. Taking from our columns an expression of self-evident truth, he, by a tortuous mental process peculiar to himself, deduces from it a diabolical falsehood, and charges us with advocating the latter!

It is quite possible that Dr. Hatch may have correctly described what *he* received and *practised* under the name and garb of "Spiritualism." It is possible, also, since like attracts like, that he may have found others of a similar stamp, among whom his associations have been cast. But if so, what can be plainer than that *his* so-called "Spiritualism," like that of some other canting recanters, was in fact (so far as morals and philosophy are concerned), not *Spiritual*-ism at all, but its loathsome opposite! If he has indeed renounced the abominations of which he speaks, thoroughly and *practically*, it is surely a matter of rejoicing to every true Spiritualist. And if there remain any others who confound Spiritualism with Sensualism, either in theory or practice, we trust they will soon be made aware of their error, and "escape" therefrom. But let them avoid the equal mistake of supposing that all professed Spiritualists are "enemies of God, morals and religion," *because*, forsooth, *they* have been.

The immaculate *Herald*, in view of these "fearful revelations," professes to become greatly apprehensive of "danger to the domestic and social relations" from Spiritualism; and calls upon the State Legislature to take up the matter and "appoint a committee to inquire into the allegations of Dr. Hatch." We are heartily in favor of investigation into the nature and fruits of Spiritualism, on the part of legislators as well as everybody else; but to undertake it with reference to the calumnies of an evidently disappointed and angry man, would be attaching quite too much importance to a very insignificant affair.

A "SINGULAR DELUSION."

An exchange says that "Senor Givin, a tobacco planter of Cuba, believes that a crucifix which he possesses has bestowed upon him the power of restoring the blind to sight, to heal the lame and cure the halt, and what is still more singular, his friends and neighbors share in the delusion, declaring that he cured a man who had been lame for many years, by laying his hands upon him."

The writer of this appears to be totally unaware that a similar "delusion" is extremely prevalent in "this enlightened republic"—that thousands of the most intelligent people among us are ready to testify to having experienced or witnessed cures of various diseases and infirmities by the simple process of laying on of hands. The same delusion appears to have been somewhat prevalent among the followers of an obscure individual called Jesus of Nazareth, about eighteen hundred years ago. How very singular!

But perhaps the term "delusion" was intended to apply more especially to the supposed agency of the crucifix in this case. Yet who that is acquainted with magnetic laws can deny that this crucifix—"blessed," or magnetically charged, as it undoubtedly had been by some "saint" now departed—may serve a means of magnetic rapport between the Senor and disembodied spirits, through the use of which spiritual energy or healing power may be more abundantly transmitted than without it? There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of by materialistic philosophers; and it may yet turn out that the ancient use of relics, charms, etc., was not wholly without foundation.

The Editor's Table.

ON THE PHENOMENA OF MODERN SPIRITUALISM. By William B. Hayden, Minister of the New Jerusalem at Portland, Me. Third Edition. Boston: Otis Clapp, 3 Beacon street. 137 pages, 16mo.

This work has been for some time before the public, in former editions. It is one of the fairest and most instructive reviews of the modern spiritualistic movement, from the pen of a non-sympathizer, that we have seen. Mr. Hayden's high and exclusive reverence for Swedenborg as a seer indisposes him to do what we deem full justice to the better phases and general scope of the present unfolding—though his book gives very clear and felicitous statements of many points in spiritual philosophy.

The same publisher has issued in tract form three orations on "THE CLAIMS OF SWEDENBORG, by Dr. John Mill, of England. The first treats of the life and character of the seer; the second of his Doctrine; and the third of his Philosophy of Death. The author is evinently a man of ability and culture, and these orations, containing about thirty pages each, may be read with profit.

CHAPIONNIERES JOURNAL of Practical Medicine and Surgery. H. Chaillou, M. D., Editor. Translated from the French, under the direction of the Editor, by D. McCarthy, M. D., and A. Spiers, Ph. D., and published by A. Williams & Co., 100 Washington st., Boston.

This is an American reprint of a standard French medical journal, now in its thirtieth volume. It will doubtless prove very acceptable to physicians and students of medicine.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

LEANDER; a Poem. By Henry H. Tator. Springfield, Ill.; B. A. Richards & Co. 48 pages.

DISCOURSE on the Life, Character and Mediatorial Services of Mrs. Sarah L. Seymour; delivered before the Spiritualists of Springfield, Ill., on Sunday Jan. 16th, 1859. By Henry H. Tator. Springfield, Ill: B. A. Richard, & Co. 14 pages.

A SERIES OF TWELVE LETTERS, purporting to have been written by the spirit of Dr. Ervin Webster, through the mediumship of Benj. H. Crandon, of Plymouth, Mass. 32 pages.

THE PYTHONISM OF THE PRESENT DAY: The Response of the Ministers of the Massachusetts Association of the New Jerusalem to a Resolution of that Association requesting their consideration of what is usually known as "Modern Spiritualism." Boston; George Phinney, No. 19 Winter street. 50 pages.

DOUBTS AND QUERIES.

EDITORS OF THE SPIRITUAL AGE:—I am a constant reader of your paper, and like it well. I have a special reason for desiring you to publish a few thoughts from me.

I *know* that mind may operate upon mind between two persons in the body, without any visible connection. I *know* that all there is of me—body and spirit, outer and inner man, matter and mind—has existed without beginning, and will exist without end. I do not *know* that my individual identity will continue:—*I fear it will not;* for I *know* that I have not existed in my present form but for a short time. Years ago I was a believer in the infallibility of the Bible, and predicated a hope of immortality upon my confidence in a literal resurrection from the dead. That hope has been destroyed. As I have grown older, and observed the workings of Nature, and read much of what has been published on the subject of Spiritualism, I have no faith in that old system, and next to none in any other. The worst part of what is called Spiritualism is no better than anything else, and not fit for anybody. The best part of it is good, very good,—too good (I fear) to be true. I pray God—yea, all the Gods—it may prove true. A more beautiful, ennobling and glorious system cannot be conceived of by mortal man.

Immortality is one thing, and everlasting conscious identity is another. Now I can conceive of continued existence without end, so far as all the particles of matter of which I am composed are concerned, because nothing can be utterly destroyed. But to be so changed as to be anything but what I am and have been conscious of, is the same as not to be. Again, I can conceive of a kind of immortality, in imparting my life-principle and likeness to my children, and so on down to my children's children forever. But this would not be me.

It is said by some of the wise ones, that the desire to live forever is proof that it will be so. It may be proof to some, but it is none to me. A man desires long life and much happiness in this state,—the desire does not secure the boon. A man desires great wealth here,—the desire does not secure the possession. If an ardent desire to live and progress everlastingly is proof that it will be so in any case, it must be so in mine, for I have thought that I would rather live in a state of unhappiness, than not to exist at all.

I have been entirely unconscious for a time; I have seen others in a state of unconsciousness for short periods at a time. Now this being so, who can tell that one being unconscious for a minute may not be for an hour, a day,—if a day, a week; if a week, a year; if a year, for years—for ages—forever?

It seems to me that proof of unconsciousness for a time, ever so limited, goes far towards proof of unlimited unconsciousness. Again, it has been taught by some of the great ones, that a portion of the human family (to say nothing of animals) are not destined to immortality. If a portion, why not all?

This is my firm belief—If man is immortal he is so from necessity; it is a part of his inherent nature—it is so because it is so, and all the powers that be, cannot make it otherwise.

But then, is it so? That's the rub. It is said that the egg—a small insignificant thing—produces the large and beautiful peacock. Wonderful!—true. The little disgusting caterpillar produces the expanded, beautiful butterfly. Wonderful!—so it is.

So of man,—a poor, wounded, bruised, lame, halt, blind, scrofulous cancerous mass of decomposing matter. To shuffle all this mortal off—return the dregs to the lower elements, and then the spirit in beauty and glory to ascend the beautiful and glorious. Wonderful! but is it true? Suppose you burn to ashes the caterpillar—will a butterfly rise from it? No. Suppose you boil the egg—will a peacock come from it? No. Suppose a Fejee Islander roast and eat a human being—will a glorious spirit rise from it?

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To this last question we answer unhesitatingly, YES! and our conclusive reason is this (though others of a metaphysical character might be given), that we have had, in modern spirit-manifestations, proof to both our senses and judgment that *some men* have survived the dissolution of the physical body, carrying consciousness, memory, intellect, affection, identity, and all that constitutes the real man into a new life. If *one* has done this, then *all* have or will. Our experience and conclusions on this point are corroborated by the testimony of thousands of our fellow beings who affirm that they have had similar proofs, entirely independent of our own. Besides this, we find the history of man in all ages bearing testimony to like experience, more or less extensive. This accumulation of evidence, clinched as it has been by personal observation, leaves us no room for doubt. If our correspondent has failed, for any reason, to find equally satisfactory proof, we see not but he must remain a doubter until he obtains it. If he seeks honestly and earnestly, we have no doubt he will find in due time—it may not be till he enters upon the realities of the future life for himself. While we commiserate him in his uncertainty, we cannot expect him to believe without evidence satisfactory to his own mind.

Having, then, proof that man survives the dissolution of his mortal body, we conclude it is because his inner or spiritual organism is held together in individualized form by an inherent power superior to the forces which cause physical dissolution. Whether the same is true of the caterpillar, the butterfly or the peacock, is a distinct question, which must be determined on independent evidences. Man certainly manifests, in this rudimental state, powers and qualities which distinguish him from all the lower animals. Hence his ability to continue on as an individual entity and identity does not argue theirs. True, their *spiritual* essence cannot be destroyed, any more than man's; but it may not retain an organic form—lacking the *inmost* principle which is necessary to give it individual immortality. Our own opinion is that all animal essences are ultimately absorbed or incorporated into human forms, and thus have immortality *in man*—he being the apex of creation, the epitome of all, for whom and in whom all the lower orders exist, as he exists in the Grand Man.

The Unseen Guests.

How dear is Spiritualism to the human heart! How spontaneously does an intuitive conviction of its truth burst through all barriers of creed, of unbelief, or of prudence, in the soul's better and more exalted moments! At a recent semi-centennial jubilee held by the Park-street Church, Boston, the pastor, Rev. A. L. Stone, in welcoming the guests of the occasion, broke forth in the following eloquent apostrophe:

"The unseen guests! We have greeted and welcomed the living. May we greet you from your heavenly mansions? Can ye hear mortal voices? Welcome, thrice welcome to the scenes of your earthly labors and sacrifices! Spirits of Griffin and Dwight, of Dennie and Dana and Odiorne, of the beloved and benignant Dwight, of Homes and Homer, of Evarts and Hubbard—your names are a fragrant memorial from generation to generation of those who have followed you. Heaven's banquet can scarcely be sweeter to you than ours to-day. Ye are over the river. Drop your mantles upon us that follow you."

Here is not only a recognition of spirit-presence, but a direct "invocation of the saints," and that, too, in the very home of New England Orthodoxy. Suppose some member of the church, enjoying the gift of seeing and conversing with spirits, had perceived the presence of these worthies, and attempted to communicate their response to the assembly—imagine the result!

The Sunbeam is informed that the "dancing hats" said to be exhibited by an enterprising "oyster dealer in Boston," is not a Boston notion at all. Gotham has the honor of that "manifestation." If friend Coles succeeds in throwing light upon the mystery, we shall suggest that he next visit Buffalo and investigate the prophet "Eligah."

Will Dr. Calvin Hall please send us his address?

Correspondence.

Letter from Providence.

PROVIDENCE, March 7th, 1859.

EDITORS SPIRITUAL AGE:—As the disciples of the memorable George Fox are wont not inaptly to say, I am *moved* to drop you a few lines from this city of so suggestive a name. In the higher life, as we know, names *are* something, expressing a correspondence and a meaning not so easily to be pressed out of the earthly kind. Indeed our ancestors of a many centuried age antedating this, understood this interior reality better than we. Men, then, and women, from the early years of life or as they put on the robes of maturity, took and bore names expressive of character, quality, station or sphere of use. But we have slidden away from that true custom, to which, as I see it, there will be a return in the not altogether dim future. As the nations spiritually ripen up, spiritual realities and customs and habitudes will run through the ways of their lives, as blood streams through our bodies' members. So, now I think this city ought in some way, beside the early cause, to give a sufficient reason for the cognomen it bears. Old Roger Williams doubtless did well in that troublous day he had of it, somewhat of a *religio-Spiritualist* as he was, by making this nomination of the spot and build of his refuge. Doubtless led by the hand of God through descending spiritual influx, he exemplified by his life and thought a splendid principle:—the authority of the God in man. A city with a sponsor such as he, ought to show sign of his own high spirit, and I think is beginning to. It has even now, as I sense it, his deathless presence and uninterrupted inspiration.

The old Romanic people and others held to the belief of the rule of the minor deities over their cities, and even so far grasped the thought of spirit-guardianship, as to embody it in no less a form than the custom of establishing their *penates* or household gods. How many a divine reality and truth strikes through the veil and dimness of partial revealment, or pulsates 'neath the covering of a distortion! We have to travel back. It is ours to pick from the past its best life and use. We must bid it a resurrection, as it was and moved and throbbed in its own day, unto our interior and selective mental choice. We need its essential life, for God was the source of it as He is of that of the to-day. An eclectic system of philosophy, building itself up, will exhume substantial, material, and shining treasure from the catacombs and covered and hidden ways of the dead ages. We need now everything we can get of *use*; and need, too, to sweep *despisement* from the written and used vocabulary. Now I believe we do not escape from real divine usages, even if we have from customs and habits misinterpreting them. So cities, like individuals, are guardianized still. As a central authority is established in every spirit circle or sphere, so from thence, descending to us, come a guardian watch and authority to every city's sphere or circle of life. The immortal Roger, then, may still be the father of his local people—the magnet-medium to attract and dispense to it what he can. No doubt he finds dwellers in the very midst of his old dominion, who interiorly are visitors to another spirit realm than his own; but they get the municipal benefits he invisibly sends, nevertheless. From every national domain in the spirit ruled by a central mind, uplifted to that eminence by great deeds in the body and out, regularly proceed the shining chariots of inspiration to its recipients here. Every nation gets from its own gone before. But every nation gets, too, now from every *other* in the boundless empire of the spirit, for a composite education is the fixed fate unto all. The departed swarm upon us. Such variety as they bring must needs in the lapse of the brightening years, build in the bigness and vastness of universality a life and a custom and an act but as yet, faintly prefigured or seen. The revelation we are to get soon is as comprehensive as all the heavens 'neath the celestial, whose horizon spans and lights them. Such to me seems the pointing significance and promise of this year of the seer and prophet Christ Jesus, eighteen hundred and fifty-nine.

Eighteen hundred and fifty-nine—what will be upon us in sixty-nine? Will then, with a strong hand the constructive power of this divine work put forth its fingers. Construction ever tracks after and haunts the spirit of iconoclasm. Celestialism will then begin to show. I think how that it can back the present pioneer, Spiritualism, with its full and marshalled armies and pitch its camp in the western centres of this nationality. Yet we will not anticipate so much as that, dead-drunk to the living present, we forget its claims, and let it get on to maturity in just this wise or that, like a parentless child. We must do with heart and head-will what ought to be done now. Let us get increase of uses. Some of the friends here are trying to do that very thing in a limited way—in the way they can. It takes a big or severe limitation to push us to the larger view. What we can see ahead we do not so much fear but rather aim to compass. It is the perpetual promise of the present revelation that puts such a heart-hope and high resolve into us, and makes us steady and poised. We do not at all, I trust, *palpitate* for the good time coming. If we do we shall fall down, struck with sudden faintness from excess of joy, before we get to the half-way station. But if any one wishes us to drop into the pace of a *hack*, strenuous objection will undoubtedly be made. We do not want to break down, certainly, but we want to get along as fast, as safely may be. The reputation of radicalness and extremeism, or of prematureness and a too ready anticipation must not frighten us into abatements of energy or of act. So *gallops* now and then are not to be contemned; but the taut-rein, quick-pulled, must bring the steady pace again.

As you are aware, a second society has been started here, and in the very centre of a populous churchianity—wherefore there is renewed tribulation of spirit amongst them of that fold. The young child bids fair to grow to large and influential dimensions in time. At present I am used to address it, and may remain here during the month of April. The old and original down-town society is full of life as to numbers, and secures the services of well-known lecturers, normal or otherwise. I trust the AGE may sometime be represented here for a Sunday, in the person of one of its Editors. A little while ago, Warren Chase did a good work in this city, since when other able speakers have said their say. Each man tells his different tale and we all are dissimilar interpreters. When the invisible hands construct, over the lands and isles, the vast frame work of the incoming trinity-dispensation, more agreement of vision and of general description will then prevail. We are now but looking at and talking about detached pieces and parts. We see but dimly wondrous co-relations, and do not detect the subtle fraternality and intimacy of things. Is it not the celestial eye, which sweeps around all spheres of thought and experience possible and practicable to man? That inmost sight is to be sharpened; then will splendid things be shown and seen.

I had the pleasure of hearing several times Bro. Storer, and was much gratified by his chaste, connected and lucid talk; and yesterday afternoon I listened to Miss Sprague, who has spoken quite frequently in your city. She gave utterance as the spirits moved in a fervid and stirring style, penetrating to and touching electrically, alike the heart and head. There is a ring and pith about some of the sentences that drop from sister S., indicative of an inspiration vivid and large. We need, I think, the double address of heart and head. Mere logic alone will not avail to the Spiritualist, no matter how indispensable. Such need a flash to the heart, clean in, as well as a broad illumination to the front brain. Mere feeling, certainly will not now go for much, nor the vague generality, no matter how shining. If we get generalities, we at once, ask for the suggestion they yield. If generality of idea, so different from the generality of sentiment, without any fixed outline and proportion, is put forth, then suggestion extends to us; and I do not know but that, just now at least, we the more need large suggestion than constructed didacticism. The spirit of Beauty, I know, ever asks to put on finish, and Beauty is the bride of use. Then let the twain go together if they must, even as now must come unto woman for the sake of man's spiritual soundness and and health, an equal authority.

L. JUDD PARDEE.

PROVIDENCE, March 7th, 1859.

Healing Mediums—Their Charges.

In approaching this subject, I feel that it is a difficult and delicate one; but some facts have come to my knowledge which impress me with the conviction that it is one which demands discussion.

Jesus appears to have been a healing medium of remarkable powers, but it does not appear that he made any charges for his services. His disciples from his pure spirit imbibed healing powers, and he directed them to make free use of the powers freely given.

In our own time some appear to have copied the noble example set by the Nazarene. But such, I think, are like angel's visits in days of yore.

It does not appear even that the disciples of Jesus long continued to devote their time for the benefit of others without pecuniary compensation.

The fact that no one can live in this material world without material sustenance makes it very difficult for any one to do so unless in the possession of such wealth as to be independent of daily earnings. And then, alas! it is not the general rule (I wish it was) that benevolence warms and expands men's bosoms in the ratio of the expansion of their purse.

We cannot therefore object to a medium receiving a reasonable compensation for time spent, especially when less are able to do without such compensation than the benefitted one is to pay it. But what is a reasonable compensation?

Each medium will doubtless claim the right to answer this question for him or herself. Yet when some charge fifty cents and others five, ten or fifteen dollars for about the same amount of time, it would seem that the charges of some must be unreasonably low or those of others unreasonably high. Still the unavoidable expenses of some on account of location and other circumstances, are doubtless much greater than of others. But what is most deeply to be deplored is the fact, that there are many sick and suffering persons who earnestly desire the aid of some distinguished medium, and who would make application were it not that they are too poor "to foot the bill."

I am aware that, generally speaking, poverty stricken sufferers find no more favor with other classes of physicians. This of course makes a bad case still worse, [if indeed physicians are of any use to the sick.)

There are, however, many popular physicians who, to some extent, graduate their charges so as to accord with the ability to pay, of their patients. "The poor doctored gratis," is sometimes seen in their advertisements.

Now it would seem that a discriminating benevolence of this kind could be more easily practiced by mediumistic and clairvoyant physicians than any others, since spirit sight can discern the circumstances as well as diseases of applicants. Moreover, if the effect of spirit-influence is to enlarge and invigorate the feelings of benevolence it must be correspondingly painful on the one hand to see (as clairvoyants can) the many sufferers who are deterred by their poverty from making application. While, on the other, how rich the joy to see the means of returning health placed within the reach of such persons.

If in these remarks I take an erroneous view of the subject will some medium correct me?

If these suggestions are correct, it is highly desirable that all mediums should be impressed with a corresponding pratice.

PHALANX, N. J. JOHN FRENCH.

[We look forward to the day when teachers and imparters of health shall be supported by the voluntary donations of the benevolent, or deficiencies made up from the public treasury; so that they may be able to exercise these gifts without setting a price upon every act of kindness,—a thing which is revolting to every mind of refined sensibilities. Thus it will be in a true state of society; but until that is reached, the next best thing should be done. And we are glad to know that the discrimination which our correspondent recommends is practised by many of our prominent healing mediums.—ED.]

From Mrs. Townsend.

TAUNTON, March 7th, 1859.

BRO. NEWTON:—I find myself near the spot where our dear sister Huntley left her mortal form, and have spoken to those who had the pleasure of hearing her pleasant voice breathing the words of inspiration and truth. She had very many friends here, who feel that her place cannot be filled by another,—thus proving that her life among them was good and pure.

I attended the funeral ceremony of a young man Sabbath morning, who had long been a sufferer. LAFAYETTE BRAGG, aged 24 years, entered the abode of angels March 4th. As I looked upon the calm, quiet face, I knew the dear ones had been near to receive the new-born spirit and welcome him to the brighter homes. A sister wept bitterly, because the angels could not put aside the vail and touch her brow, that she might see.

In the afternoon and evening I spoke at the hall occupied by those of our faith, to large, intelligent audiences, and am to speak here again next Sabbath. There seems to be good interest and good people engaged in the cause. May they prosper!

I was at Clinton one week ago last evening, and spoke to a large audience, notwithstanding their manufacturing establishments are labelled, "No employment given to Spiritualists!" and I trust seeds are sown there that will uproot in their growth such weeds of bigotry and superstition as must be in the hearts of those who so far forget the struggles of '76 as to deprive people of labor because of their religious faith. May the *truth* rid them of such heathenism!

I am to speak here March 20th; at Quincy 27th; at Cambridgeport April 3d, 17th and 24th; at Watertown April 10th. In May we intend to seek the genial atmosphere of our native State, and enjoy, for a short season, the society of "*the dear ones at home.*" Although our "own valley home" has passed into other hands, a *father's* house ever offers an invitation to the weary wanderers, and the cordial greetings and warm welcomes from the *hearts* of dear old grandparents, parents and sisters, are enough to draw us near them as often as possible. I thank the good God that they have so long been spared to me, and may I so conduct myself that not only they, but *humanity*, may be blessed that I have lived. That no heart may ever reveal a wound of my inflicting, let me "deal gently, love mercy, and walk humbly with God," forgiving as I would wish to be forgiven, and loving as I would wish to be loved. M. S. TOWNSEND.

Boston and Vicinity.

The Melodeon Meetings.

On Sunday afternoon, Miss AMEDEY spoke from the passage in the sermon on the Mount, commencing with "Ask and it shall be given; seek and ye shall find," etc. It was asserted that prayer is universal throughout Nature—the mineral, vegetable and animal creations all are praying. And answer to prayer is also a universal law of nature—though it is necessary that prayer should be in accordance with law, in order that we may receive what we ask. An improvisation on "Immortality," which had some good lines and many poor ones, concluded the exercises.

Education was the subject of the evening discourse. After a glance at education as it has been in the past, with its falsities, errors and absurdities, the speaker proceeded to comment with critical severity on the popular education of the day, social, political and religious. The fashionable training of females received some severe sarcasms; and the course of education bestowed on the sons of the wealthy was traced, and shown to be wanting in many essential elements, especially in the moral and religious departments.

In place of the follies which now make a good part of fashionable education, it was urged as of the first importance that children should be taught the laws of their own natures, physical and mental. Let physiology and phrenology be taught; then consumption would not be born in so many frail constitutions; and we could look for vigor of body and mind in place of the feebleness now so universal.

As to moral duties, let children be taught from the cradle, to be true to themselves; to accept whatever reaches their own souls as truth, not to be slaves to the opinions of others. Their highest accountability is to their own souls.

The subject selected by a committee of the audience, for improvisation, was "The Dying Mother." The impromptu poem on this theme was delivered with excellent effect. It was unquestionably the most successful effort made by this medium in Boston, and in many points, has not been excelled, if equalled, by any improvisation we have heard in the Melodeon. The breathless stillness which pervaded the house, with the tears on many manly as well as womanly cheeks, during its utterance, testified to its touching effect upon the hearts of the hearers.

Free Meetings.

The committee to whom was referred the subject of Free Spiritualist meetings, reported on Sunday afternoon last at the Melodeon, to the following effect:—They considered it desirable and important that the Sunday meetings should be made free, and they found an almost universal sentiment in favor of this plan, with a readiness to contribute to that end. But they considered it inexpedient to commence the experiment at once, for the reason that no suitable hall for the meetings can at present be obtained. It is understood that the Melodeon is to be closed in about two months for repairs or re-building, which may occasion a suspension of meetings for a time. The report concludes with the followingrecommendation:

"That means be taken as soon as practicable to obtain a hall, and to have our meetings free; and in pursuance of that object they recommend the selection of a large committee—say ten or twelve persons—and this committee when appointed, be requested to give their attention to this object, meeting from time to time, and receiving aid and counsel from any interested in the subject; and as soon as a suitable hall can be obtained, measures be taken to form an association or fraternity, and pursue such course as shall be deemed expedient for the good of this cause.

D. FARRAR, C. E. JENKINS,
JOHN WETHERBEE, JR. H. F. GARDNER."

The report was accepted, and it was voted that this same committee be requested to nominate the larger body recommended, and report on Sunday next.

Boston Conference.

Question— Are the laws of Nature inherent or within matter, or are they outside and independent of it?

On the first evening of the discussion of this question, Mr. NEWTON stated the different definitions that are given to the terms of the question by different persons. Some include in "Nature" the *Whole* of things, visible and invisible, material and spiritual, with all their qualities and powers. Others limit the term to the mere *outside* of things,—the visible, ponderable part of the universe, or that which is subject to mechanical and chemical analysis, with its various phenomena. By the word "Law" some mean simply a *rule* or regular mode of action, while others include also the *force* or power which produces the action. And in the term "Matter" some include all conceivable *substance*, spiritual as well as ponderable, while others apply it only to the external or grosser forms of substance. It was evident that the answer to the question must turn on the meaning given to its terms, and he suggested that speakers should clearly define their positions.

Mr. WILSON thought the question struck at the belief in immortality and the existence of a God, and dwelt upon the fearful consequences of a denial of these.

Mr. SEAVER said our business was to ascertain what is *true*,—not to trouble ourselves about consequences. He thought matter never could have been created; for there was nothing to make it out of. To him the idea that it always existed involved less difficulty than the belief that it was made out of nothing. If it always existed, then its laws or or qualities always existed, and are inherent in it. Moral laws are inherent in man, instead of originating outside of him.

Mr. CUSHMAN considered the positions of the last speaker mere assumptions, and urged the necessity of defining terms.

Mr. WHEATON understood the laws of Nature to be merely *ideal*. That is, we see that certain phenomena take place uniformly under certain conditions—as, for example, we apply heat to the gas as it escapes from a burner, and it produces light which illuminates the room—we cannot tell why. Observing that such effects take place regularly we call it a law. But it is simply an idea in the mind—not an enactment of some independent power. We may assume that matter always existed, but we don't know anything about it. We know only that matter and motion *do exist*.

Mr. EDSON thought all were essentially agreed as to the eternity of matter. It is of two kinds, commonly termed matter and mind. As the lesser cannot produce the greater, matter could not have produced mind; hence the Universal Mind is not a product of matter. Nature is Mind's mode of operation—its laws are expressions of the Divine Mind.

Mr. PIKE criticised the statement that laws are merely ideal. They existed as truly before man tried an experiment as afterwards. And law implies an intelligent law-maker.

Mr. BRADBURY illustrated at length the laws of crystallization and organization. He thought the forces which produce these results are inherent in the particles of matter in which they exhibit themselves. Mind has also properties inherent in itself.

Mr. BUNTIN held that laws are inherent in matter, and that the term Nature includes all things and all forces.

Mr. NEWTON gave his reasons for believing in a *spiritual* as well as physical or external department to the Universe, also his idea of God and his mode of existence—but as these will be sufficiently indicated in another part of the paper, it is needless to repeat them here.

The discussion was continued on Monday evening last, on which occasion some curious opinions were ventilated, but little new light was thrown upon the question.

Next topic:—"Is man accountable for his belief?"

TOPICS FOR NEXT SUNDAY.—We are informed that spirits have announced their intention to speak through Miss DOTEN, on Sunday next at the Melodeon on the following topics: Afternoon—"The Law of Life." Evening—"Free Love and Affinity."

Various Items.

.....The Spiritualists of Portland, Me., have leased the new and elegant hall of the Mechanics Association, for Sunday meetings, at a rent of $600 per annum.

..... When Lord Erksine heard that somebody had died worth two hundred thousand pounds, he observed, "Well that's a pretty sum to begin the next world with."

..... A TEMPTING OFFER.—A young man, a member of an evangelical church, advertises in a New York paper for board in a pious family, where his Christian example would be considered a compensation.

..... At the ball by which the new opera house at Cincinnati was opened on Tuesday evening, several prominent clergymen of the city were present, and one of them attracted all eyes by his spirited and elegant dancing.

..... At Indianapolis, a few evenings since, a little girl "wanted to go to heaven;" and in order to accomplish her desire she procured a vial containing laudanum, of which she drank. She was however found before the draught had caused death.

..... Mr. Longworth, the patriarch of Cincinnati, in a letter to the Pioneer Association, among other reminisences of the early days in that city, tells the following story of brother Richardson, a Methodist clergyman:

"I remember well listening while he prayed over a cluster of convicted sinners gathered around him. There was one among them who was rather a hard case, for his religious experience consisted wholly in climbing up Zion's hill and then sliding down again backward. The preacher had got tired of him, it seems, and closing his prayer, said—'O Lord we humbly pray Thee to remove him bodily from among us, while he is under these serious impressions, or he will certainly become a backslider and go to hell.' Unluckily for the subject of it, the prayer was not granted; for, as father Richardson himself afterwards informed me, the man lived to relapse in three weeks"

..... In one of Bulwer (Lytton's) first works, published anonymously some thirty years ago, and since acknowledeged, the principal character, Zanoni is gifted with the power of perpetuating youth in his own person indefinitely, and as the story runs, has already existed some hundreds of years, always apparently about thirty years of age. This power of rejuvenation in Zanoni is attributed to his knowledge of the peculiar plants and minerals possessing the life-giving properties, and not to supernatural means. The same idea "sticks out" in some of his other novels, and is evidently a fixed belief in Bulwer's mind. The Boston correspondent of the Springfield *Republiban* vouches for the following interesting statement:

Bulwer lately sent for Hume, the great medium, and talked with him, and the whole drift of his inquiries was to see if there could be no possible way devised in which he could renew and rejuvenate him self, his feelings and his powers.

..... Rev. Prof. Hitchcock of the New York theological seminary, having been assailed in some of the Presbyterian papers for too free a treatment of the old Testament, publishes an elaborate reply, in which he avows the opinions, that the books of Moses, though inspired, were made up of oral and written traditions handed down from the earlier times, and incorporated into the Mosaic record by the command of the Lord; that the world as a creation was called into being ages before the Mosaic period; that the term six days are expanded into immense periods, and do not mean the days of our reckoning; that the account of the fall, the apple, and the devil, is rather a fictioned moral and symbolic representation than a literal one; that the deluge was not universal, but restricted, and the term "all" applied to it does not necessarily include all portions of the globe. The deluge was historically and not geographically universal. It was as wide as the human race, and no more so. Prof. Hitchcock fortifies his opinions by citations from the ablest theological writers who have lived.

New York and Vicinity.

Conference at the Lyceum, Clinton Hall, Astor Place,

FRIDAY EVENING, March 11th.

Question: "What do we know of the spirit-world?"

Dr. GRAY: Aside from the external evidences of a spirit-world, there are others on the plane of our perceptions. There we come in affinity with spirits. It is a postulate of logic that there is a cause for everything. Therefore, when anything occurs that is human, which we do not produce, it follows that it is produced by human beings who are invisible. But our internal belief in a world of spirits, is even stronger than all these. This is what is technically called faith, and is based on our inner consciousness. Internally we see it to be true. There we are approached by spirits, come into affinity with them, and see through their organs. All the religions in the world are based on this fact. We have these perceptions whenever our states are pure enough to permit it—whenever the physical lusts are sufficiently subdued to allow the internal to come into the ascendency. All have this capacity in some degree—sufficient for their need. The unbelief of the infidel is simply a lack of faith in certain myths, and commentaries on them. He is often an eminently religious man. His faith in the reality of spiritual things is as strong as any one's.

Dr. ORTON: It was remarked by Dr. Hallock, at our last session, that a webbed foot is a prophecy of water. So, having settled the point that there is a spirit-world, and that spirits have hands, and feet, and other human organs, it follows that the spirit-world proper is a substantial world, fitted to the action of these organs. Call it material, if that be necessary to enable you to hold the idea, but strictly speaking it is not material. It is substantial—the reality of all which we see here only in appearance. Take an apple. The vitality and flavor are what constitute the apple, not the coarse grains of matter in which, to fit the fruit to our condition, the life and flavor are contained. Strip the apple of its gross continent, retaining only the spirit of the matter—for what we call unorganized matter has spirit—that the life and flavor may still be preserved in a form, and you have a spiritual apple. So with everything else. And as there is no such thing as death, what we call death being merely change, it follows that every organized thing—mineral, vegetable and animal, as well as man—is endowed with perpetual life; and may, and indeed must, unfold and pass to higher planes of being, but cannot cease to be. So the spirit-world is everywhere—everywhere where matter is, and where it is not. Suppose that the external sight of all this audience were to be suddenly closed, and the internal opened. We should then see each other as spirits, our material bodies becoming invisible. In the same manner should we see animals and vegetables—the spiritual instead of the natural—and also this building; for even the structures of man—everything in which thought has entered—is endowed with a spirit according to its order. On passing within ourselves, we find ourselves in a region of thought and affection, of which the five senses know nothing. There we are independent of time and space. We can think of Sirius as readily as the City Hall. We can love a friend in China as warmly as one in our own house. Here we find our real selves, and already in the spirit-world; and as the substance of that world is thought and affection, it is also out of time and space. On passing at death on to some one of the spirit-planes, we shall find our homes already built for us. We have built them ourselves. Every act of a man that flows from his affections, good or bad, goes to make up the house, the grounds, the vegetable and animal life, and the atmosphere of his spiritual residence. If a good man, good and beautiful is his mansion, in the midst of those who are like him. If a bad man, his home and his associates are the same. Each flows to his proper level—like seeks its like. And that is not the worst of it. It is quite possible for one who is in the deepest hell of degradation, to believe himself in heaven. The sensual man here thus deceives himself. Having adopted it as a philosophy and a religion that he has nothing to do but to follow out his appetites and passions, in order to progress, he has little chance of awaking from his dream. Ages, and myriads of ages added, are liable to pass, before he becomes aware of his true position. Though the speaker believed that evil, at some time in the future, would come to an end, he also believed that many from voluntary choice, in order to gratify their perverted natures, would remain in unhappiness and degradation, for a period, perhaps, answering to our utmost conceptions of eternity.

Mr. PARTRIDGE: When we become sensible of some object outside of ourselves, we have evidence that *we* exist. From this point we start, and demonstrate in like manner the existence of other objects, and of the spirit-world. We see things done, and the doers are invisible. A table moves, sometimes when we are trying to hold it down. What moves it? The reply is, a spirit. "I move it,"—the spirit of such or such a man, long since dead. A person long absent returns, and we do not know him. The eye refuses to recognize him; but we sit down and talk with him, and by and by gather all the evidence we need of his identity. He calls up old conversations and associations which are conclusive. In the same way we determine the existence of spirits. A clerk in a bank will tell your hand-writing with the utmost certainty. Spirits also prove themselves in this manner, sometimes writing without human hands. Cases have occurred where a check thus signed has been taken to a bank, and the signature declared genuine, and the bank ready to pay, until informed that the drawer was dead. Again, spirits attract substance to themselves, and stand before us in visible, tangible bodies. He saw only with his natural eyes, but he had seen spirits. That somebody else did not see them, amounted to nothing. He had been at a circle where all present saw them. As to the state of spirits, there is a discrepancy. Some persons see with the spiritual sight, and are doubtless psychologized by spirits who have not got rid of their old dogmas; which will account for it.

WM. BROWN: The spirit-world is the reality of what we have here. Everything passes to the spirit-world. Trees have minds, according to their order, as well as men and animals. If a man is a bad man, he goes to a low sphere. But he will progress. Love and attraction are the cause of all action, and nature must act. Our sun is becoming brighter and brighter, and in time this earth will exist in continuous light, with periods marking day and night. Mind is light, and as the world has more mind, it will have more light.

Mrs. BRITT: As to the unfortunate condition of many spirits, and the great length of time they are liable to remain so, she agreed precisely with Dr. Orton in his remarks. We have no reason to doubt that there are unhappy spirits. We have evidence of it in all the past. We read of one preaching to the spirits in prison, and of unclean spirits, and their being cast out of those they had possessed. We call them by another name,—undeveloped spirits. Their conditions are very various; and it is true that they may think themselves in heaven, while their state to us would be one of indescribable degradation and misery. Unhappiness exists *here;* it exists also *there;* and what is to be done? Let us see. The phenomena are not as common as they were four years ago. What are the spirits about? The present is a period of trial, but they are doing now a much greater work than the one of physical marvels which preceded. Every man, whether a Spiritualist or not, who is in a condition to be regenerated, is undergoing the process. The spiritual is rising to subjugate and cleanse the natural. Men leave this life carrying with them their unhappiness. What is to rid them of it? Death does not. We cannot say to the seed, "Seed, be ye a tree, and be ye fruit." The transformation is gradual; and so must it be with us. Many who have been deceived by spirits, needed deception. They depended on others to decide for them, and expected the spirits to tell them all about silver and gold, their uncles and aunts, Jesus and Paul. Nothing would cure them of this weakness but deception; and thus we are made to know that the power of decision is within ourselves. When we learn this, deceiving spirits will retire from the field, and leave it to other and higher ones. But with all our mistakes and errors, we have the one great truth—the truth of spirit-life. The truths taught by Jesus are eternal. His parting charge to his disciples was, Love one another. That is what we want. People are going about sad and mourning for lack of sympathy. Show them your love for them, and their clouds will break into sunshine and joy. Give them this; improve their conditions, and crime, licentiousness and misery will disappear. Toward this the earth is hastening. The transition is painful. Some suffer more than others; but to them, it may be said, if they are wise, their sorrows shall work out for them only a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.

Dr. GRAY: Both worlds are under the Divine government. Both are good, but the spiritual is the pleasantest. On going there, we at least escape some things—the fear of death, and physical want; and this, of itself, is a great gain. J. R. O.

MUNSON, No. 5 Great Jones street, has just issued in neat pamphlet form "The Results of Spiritualism;" a discourse by T. W. Higginson. Price 8 cts; $6 per hundred. Circulate them everywhere.

Spiritual Manifestations.

Why am I a Spiritualist?

No. IV.

A PROPHETIC DREAM.

I once had a neighbor,—a noble, truthful, honest man,—whose name was W. J. S——. He had three sons and two daughters. They were farmers, and owned, or occupied, a farm adjoining my father's. One morning one of the brothers hailed my father with the usual greetings given by one neighbor to another, when the following conversation took place:

"Mr. W., I am sad this morning, very sad; and I have been weeping all the morning."

"Ah, what is the matter?" said my father.

"I dreamed a fearful dream last night, and it has struck terror into my soul. I know that it is true, and will be fulfilled. I dreamed that our family, with myself, were at breakfast. We finished. Thanks were returned unto the Giver of every good gift, and blessings craved for the day; and then we separated to pursue our usual tasks. I dreamed that I went down in the meadow opposite your house, and that I seated myself on that old log yonder, by the bars; and while I sat there, I saw a funeral cortege pass by, and, to my astonishment, I beheld myself and all my father's family, save my mother, walking slowly along as mourners; and then I knew that my mother was dead. We followed her to her last resting place; the burial services were read, the benediction pronounced, and we went home. Oh, how sad and lonely was our home!

"Again I saw myself seated on the old log; again the funeral procession passed by; again I was a mourner, and this time my oldest brother the corpse; and these funeral processions were repeated in this one dream, until mother, father, one brother and my two sisters were consigned to the silent tomb; and then I dreamed that I sat once more on the old log, and another funeral cortege passed by, in which I was not the mourner, but the mourned. I witnessed in this procession my corpse and myself, together with all the dear ones that had gone before me; and there, by the side of my coffin, stood the chosen one of my heart, weeping, bitterly weeping her young life away. Oh, how I tried to impress her with my presence, but could not succeed! On, on went the mourning throng, until they stood around the grave; and then I saw them deposit my cold, inanimate form in the ground. How I tried to impress them with the fact that I was present with them! but all to no purpose.

"Again I sat—as a spirit, not as a man—yet in this dream; and I saw again the funeral throng; and this time my only living brother was borne without a mourner, save our neighbors, and he was placed in the grave; and then, as I dreamed, I thought that I went to the house where my sweet Clara lived, and twined arms invisible to all but me about her neck, kissing often her fevered cheek; and then a thought—a terrible thought seized on my soul, and I longed to have her in the spirit-world with me. The seeds of that fell disease that had desolated and made lonely my own household, had taken deep root in her constitution. Already the struggle had commenced, and I thought that I fanned the burning coals into a consuming flame.

"I sat again on the old log, and there passed me another funeral throng. This time it was Clara—my own dear Clara. Oh, how I leaped with joy as I saw the multitude pass on! Then I thought that Clara came to me with sweet song and clasped me to her soul; and we flew, as it were, away off into space. But soon we were separated, and I was cold—so cold and sad; and I wept bitter tears. Then the thought came to my soul that I had done wrong in thus wishing to have her all to myself; and for the first time I saw that as a spirit I had committed an error—a great fault—and knew that I must suffer as a spirit for this violation of law.

"In great sorrow and trouble I awoke from my dream. And now, Mr. W., what do you think of this? Do you believe that it will come to pass?"

My father questioned him about the matter, asking many questions that I did not understand, and finally said that he guessed it was nothing but a dream.

That night I heard my father talking with my mother about Mr. J.'s dream, and he finished the conversation by saying that he had known as strange things as that come to pass.

Now for the conclusion or fulfillment of the dream. Inside of thirty months from that time, all of this family were carried out of the world by consumption, and in the order that J. saw them. Finally Clara sickened and died, and in her last days her constant talk was of Mr. J. She died with his name last upon her lips.

Do we not see in this dream the same principle manifested that we read of in the dreams of the prophets and of Joseph? To me the working of the same force is apparent that produced the dreams of Joseph, Pharaoh, Nebuchadnezzar and others of the Old Testament. Truly the working of the Divine law is wonderful and mysterious!

FOUNTAIN HOUSE, March, 1859. E. V. W.

Spiritual Influence.

An esteemed correspondent (R. K. W.) writes as follows:

There is much in the experience of every one, if frankly expressed, to prove the great truth of spiritual influence. Some seem favored in a peculiar manner, as was the case with a beloved sister of mine, who has now passed to a higher life. About a year previous to her death, she was bereft of two darling children. Having been educated in the old school of a dark religious faith, she was troubled with doubts respecting the happiness of the little ones. At one time when in church, and feeling very lonely, thinking of them, they appeared before her, radiant in all their heavenly beauty, speaking in gentle accents, and assuring her of their blissful state. She afterwards told me this in all sincerity, as something too sacred to be spoken of to those who would trifle with it; for to her 'twas a beautiful *reality*—as real as anything she ever saw or heard. She was not of a visionary turn of mind—rather the reverse; but her life was pure, and she enjoyed much spiritual light.

There is another circumstance connected with the death of this sister and our aged grandmother. The latter often predicted future events, and her spiritual perceptions were more remarkable than any other person I ever knew. They died on the same day, and although several miles apart, grandmother told the hour of M's. death. The circumstances were these: About midnight, the old lady requested her attendant not to disturb her, for she was about to receive a communication. After remaining quiet for a time, she said: "M. is dead, and the angel that has borne her away will soon return for me."

'Twas even so; for her spirit soon left the mortal form. Thus the two who had sympathized so strongly in this life, entered upon another, to enjoy the glorious future of the pure in heart.

Premonition.

At South Troy, N. Y., recently, a lad sixteen years of age died of croup, having suffered terribly for several days. Two days before his death, he called his father to his bedside, and told him that he was not going to live, for he had a beautiful dream when he was asleep that told him so. He dreamed that he stood upon the earth; he saw God in Heaven looking sweetly down upon him; that he let down a golden chain, which fell upon the ground at his feet; and that as he stooped to look at it, God told him to take hold of the chain and he would draw him up to Heaven, and give him a crown of gold. On Sunday the little spirit was set free, and the promise was fulfilled!

Curious Coincidence.

Among the providential escapes from the North Carolina, recently destroyed by fire, was that of Dr. McCabe, of the Ascension Church, Baltimore, who had made all his arrangements to return home in the ill-fated vessel, but by an accident only, took the Georgia. The Rev. gentleman on Sunday night offered up in church a prayer of thanksgiving for the escape, and told the congregation that while asleep in the saloon of the Georgia, he alarmed his fellow-passengers by crying loudly in his sleep, "Fire, fire, fire!" which caused considerable excitement for a while, but being nothing but a dream, the fears of the passengers were soon quieted.

Presentiment.

An hour before the North Carolina took fire, Mrs. Clayton, one of the passengers, became suddenly impressed with the belief that some impending calamity was at hand, and forthwith arose, dressed herself and prepared for it. It is a singular fact, that some persons are thus forewarned of danger; and also with regard to other matters—the result, good or bad, of a certain course of conduct or the performance of some duty. There are persons who have these forebodings of the unknown events of the future, and they often have good causes to regret a failure to yield to the real and strong, though mysterious influence.—*Ex.*

THE SPIRITUAL AGE.

BOSTON, NEW YORK AND CHICAGO, MARCH 19, 1859.

LETTERS RECEIVED.—H M Higgins, F J Gurney, E Tweedy, H P M Brown, S Berry, F L Wadsworth, M D Peeler, O Barnes, L N Phinney, B Grout, H N Gove, A C Wilder, S S Lyon, W Tebb 2, A Stone, G Walbridge, B Blood Jr., T K Turner, C W Richardson, H M Twining, H H Ladd, P Walden, J W Snowden, B A Richards, Clark, A C Spalding, D Gilchrist, O H Wellington, J M Kennedy, C S Bumpus, A Allen, D Stuart, J Nesbitt, Z D Bassett, H C Hurd, E M White, E Hardinge, "Calvert," E A Ostrander, J M Peebles, C Brown, J C Tilton, H T Davis, J C, G F Goodale, H Foster.

SPECIAL AND PERSONAL.

Rev. JOHN PIERPONT will receive calls to speak on Spiritualism. Address, West Medford, Mass.

MRS. J. W. CURRIER will lecture as follows: Springfield, Mass., March 20th; Norwich, Conn., April 10th and 17th; Putnam, 24th. Evenings intervening she will speak in the vicinity of the above places, if desired. Address, Lowell, Mass.

FREEMAN J. GURNEY, inspirational speaker, will answer calls to lecture on Sundays and week-day evenings. Address, South Hanson, Mass. 12tf.

MISS SARAH J. IRISH, the celebrated test rapping medium, may be addressed at Victor, N. Y., care of M. Wright.

MISS A. W. SPRAGUE speaks at Lowell, Mass., the first two Sundays in April; in Worcester, Mass., the last; in Portland, Me., the first four Sundays in May.

MRS. C. M. TUTTLE speaks at Putnam, Conn., Sundays, March 20th and 27th.

L. JUDD PARDEE speaks during the month of March before the Second Society of Spiritualists in Providence, R. I., at which place he may be addressed.

F. L. WADSWORTH speaks in Utica, N.Y., Sunday, March 20th. After this Mr. W. comes to New England to spend the Spring and Summer. Those wishing his services as a speaker are requested to address to this office until further notice.

PROF. J. E. CHURCHILL can be addressed at No. 202 Franklin street (above Race), Philadelphia, for lectures on Religion, Politics, and Society.

IN THE FIELD AGAIN.—J. S. Loveland, the first lecturer in behalf of Spiritualism in New England, proposes to enter the field and devote his energies anew to the defence and elucidation of Rational Spiritualism.

Address, care of Bela Marsh, Boston, Mass. N. B. A special lecture (where desired) upon the Exposers and Exposures of Spiritualism.

E. L. WHEELER, inspirational speaker, will be happy to answer calls to lecture from No. 13 Lagrange Place, Boston, Mass., where he may be addressed.

MRS. A. M. MIDDLEBROOK (formerly Mrs. Henderson,) will lecture in Oswego every Sunday in April, and in St. Louis during the month of May. Friends in the vicinity of Oswego wishing to engage her services for week evenings during her stay in that place, will address her at Box 422 Bridgeport, Ct.

JAMES H. HARRIS, impressional speaker, will answer calls to lecture on Sundays. Address Box 99, Abington, Mass. 11tf

LORING MOODY will lecture on Spiritualism and its relations in Georgetown, Thurs. and Frid. 15th and 16th, Groveland, Sunday 20th; Danvers, Tues. and Wed., 22d and 23d; S. Danvers, Thurs. and Frid., 25th and 26th; Lynn, Sunday, 27th.

Will some friend in each place, who may see these notices, make all needful arrangements, without further request?

MEETINGS IN BOSTON.

MISS LIZZIE DOTEN will speak at the Melodeon, on Sunday next, at 3 and 7 1-2 o'clock, P. M.

MEETINGS AT No 14 BROMFIELD ST.—A Spiritualist meeting is held every Sunday morning, at 10 1-2 o'clock.

A Conference Meeting is held every Monday evening at 7 1-2 o'clock.

MEDIUMS IN BOSTON.

J. V. MANSFIELD, Medium for answering Sealed Letters, may be addressed at No. 3 Winter street, Boston (over G. Turnbull & Co.'s dry goods store).

TERMS—Mr. M. devotes his whole time to this business, and charges a fee of $1 and four postage stamps to pay return postage, for his efforts to obtain an answer, but does not guarantee an answer for this sum.

Persons who wish a guarantee will receive an answer to their letters, or the letter and money will be returned in *thirty days from its reception.* Charge for guarantee, $3.

No letters will receive attention unless accompanied with the proper fee.

Mr. Mansfield will receive visitors at his office on Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays. Persons are requested not to call on other days. 23 tf

MRS. A. W. DELAFOLIE, the Independent Clairvoyant and Medium, has rooms at 13 Lagrange Place, formerly the office of Miss Munson, where she will be happy to receive those desiring her services. 2

MRS. BEAN, Rapping, Writing and Trance Medium. Hours from 9 to 1 A. M for Medical Examinations, and 2 to 5 and 7 to 9 P. M. for Manifestations, at No. 30 Eliot street. [Mrs. Bean has returned from New York.]

MRS. WATERMAN, Healing Medium by laying on of hands, and Miss WATERMAN, Trance and Test Medium, 12 Eliot street. Hours, 9 A. M. to 9 P. Terms 50 cents per sitting.

Miss R. T. AMEDY, 32 Allen street, Boston, Trance Speaking Medium, will answer calls for speaking on the Sabbath and at any other time the friends may desire. Address her at 32 Allen street, Boston. ☞ She will also attend funerals.

MRS. R. H. BURT, Writing and Trance Medium, 24 1-2 Winter street—Room 12 Hours from 10 to 1, and from 2 to 7. 2—3m

MRS. LIZZIE KNIGHT, Writing Medium, 15 Montgomery place, up one flight of stairs, door No. 4. Hours 9 to 1 and 2 to 5: Terms 50 cents a seance.

MRS. SMITH, No. 43 Eliot street, a successful Healing Medium; also, Writing, Developing and Test Medium and Spirit-Seer. Circles, Sunday, Tuesday and Friday evenings. 4

JAMESTOWN INSTITUTE.

The Jamestown Institute needs pecuniary aid to enable it to realize the object for which it was started. We do not ask for gifts, but only for that for which we can render a full equivalent. We are willing to give security if required.

We wish to sell ten scholarships to persons willing to pay $200 in advance to aid our institution, and thus secure at the same time the board and tuition of a pupil for one year. The Buffalo *Republic and Times* says of our school, in a long article in its editorial columns:

"Had we children to be educated and provided for, we should regard the privilege of sending to that school as one not to be measured by dollars. Nor could we conceive of any other investment which would yield a tithe—a hundredth part of the solid advantages which must be derived from such a course of education as is there received."

We could multiply commendations from public journals and from learned teachers and scientific men who have examined our method and our school, and which make us feel confident that we can satisfy all who thus aid us.

We want also to have some friendly Spiritualist buy the mortgage now held against the real estate, and which is well secured. The earlier those pupils come who intend to join us this spring, the better for us and them; as we wish all, both male and female, to have the advantage of our full course in Agriculture and the use of the gardens.

We also desire to associate with us an enterprising young carpenter or cabinet-maker, who is capable of conducting a shop where our children can learn the use of tools. We should prefer one who would like the opportunity to improve himself at the same time he aided others.

O. H. WELLINGTON.

JAMESTOWN, N. Y.

"THE PLACE AND MISSION OF WOMAN," AND "MARRIAGE."

INSPIRATIONAL DISCOURSES, delivered in Boston in February last, by Miss EMMA HARDINGE. Phonographically reported by J. M. W. Yerrinton. These two lectures are pronounced the most able which have yet been given to the public on these deeply interesting and important subjects—the vital springs of society—on which so much happiness or misery depends. The increasing interest which is manifest all over the land in these topics, creates a lively demand for these very opportune addresses. They were delivered before densely packed audiences, composed of the most respectable citizens of Boston, and listened to with almost breathless attention. For sale by the trade generally. Price 10 cents each, or $7 per hundred.

12—3t* H. W. SWETT & Co., Publishers, 128 Washington St., Boston.

A CARD.

For some time past I have devoted my peculiar mental and psychometrical powers to directing persons how to improve their condition and select right business pursuits, &c. At the request of many, I have concluded to assist persons in making changes and getting situations. For this purpose I shall receive business applications. Persons having stands, or business situations that they would like to dispose of—such as stores, hotels, farms, manufactories, &c., can apply, and should state terms, conditions and particulars. Persons in want of the same should apply, stating what they want, and how much capital they would like to invest. Persons in want of a partner, teacher, agent or mechanic, should state what they want and the qualifications required. Persons in want of such situations should apply. Those having means to invest, and those seeking investments; and finally, any business application will be received. No charge will be made for the applications. When the application is met, the parties will be informed, and a small compensation required in proportion to the value, which shall be made satisfactory. By sending a small portion of their writing, persons may have a reading of their character, condition, qualification and business adaptation, with important information concerning business, health, marriage, and all matters that require mental insight and clairvoyant perception.

Terms, for a full reading on all points, $3; readings on a single point, or personal readings, $1. Advice will be given on business matters and changes; fee $1. Persons who prefer the accuracy of the reading to a test, may state their age and complexion.

All letters should be directed to Natick, Mass., or left at my office, No. 7 Davis street, Boston, where I may be found on Saturday of each week, for readings or business. Those who doubt my ability or integrity in these matters, will be furnished with satisfactory references on application. H. L. BOWKER.

NATICK and BOSTON, Mass. 13—4tf

Interesting Miscellany.

SUNDAY IN FORMER TIMES.

CURIOUS CUSTOMS OF THE PURITANS.

The Puritan Sabbath in the villages of New England commenced on Saturday afternoon. No labor was performed on the evening which preceded the Lord's Day. Early on Sunday morning the blowing of a horn in some places announced that the hour of worship was at hand. In other villages a flag was hung out of the rude building occupied by the church. At Cambridge a drum was beat in military style; at Salem a bell indicated the opulence of that settlement.

The public religious services usually commenced at nine o'clock in the morning, and occupied from six to eight hours, divided by an intermission of one hour for dinner. The people collected quite punctually, as the law compelled their attendance, and there was a heavy fine for any one who rode too fast to meeting. The sexton called upon the minister and escorted him to church in the same fashion that the sheriff now conducts the judge into our State Courts. There were no pews in the church, and the congregation had places assigned them upon the rude benches, at the annual town meeting, according to their age, importance and social standing. A person was fined if he occupied the seat of another. Our local histories reveal that pride, envy and jealousy were active passions among the men of olden times, and it was delicate and difficult business to "seat the meetin'-house," as it was quaintly called.

Many of the early churches of New England had two clergyman—one, who was called the Pastor; the other the Teacher. The Sabbath services were as follows: The congregations assembled at an early hour—never later than nine o'clock. After prayer, a chapter from the Bible was read by one of the ministers, and "expounded" at length. In many of the churches the Bible was not read at all, and it took years of agitation to carry that "innovation." A psalm in metre was next sung, which was dictated line by line, to the congregation; this service was usually performed by one of the deacons. The preacher did not take part in the introductory services. The baptisms, cases of church discipline, and collections always took place in the afternoon. The "long" prayer usually occupied from an hour to an hour and a half, and many of the sermons of this period make from a hundred to a hundred and fifty pages.

There was a contribution every Sunday, preceded by an appeal from one of the deacons. The boxes were not carried round, but the congregation arose and proceeded to the deacon's seat, and deposited their offerings. The magistrates and "brief gentlemen" walked up first, the elders next, and then followed the common people; this ceremony occupied much time. Besides the money given, persons brought various useful articles and goods as offerings. The collections were distributed by the deacons to the ministers and the poor.

The trials of ecclesiastical offenders, at the close of the services, often afforded much excitement and amusement; for some offences a particular dress was worn, and the "confession" of the offender was heard with much interest. Oftentimes the public services were continued until after sunset. After the benediction, the ministers passed out of the church, bowing to the people on both sides of the aisle, as they all sat in silence until the clergymen and their families had gone out! Few persons, we imagine, would be willing to go back to these Sunday ceremonies of the Puritan Sabbath. It is wise to adapt the religious institutions of each age to the customs of the period and the usages of the time.

NOT WELL DIPPED.

"Upon a certain occasion a man called on Isaac T. Hopper, with a due bill for twenty dollars against an estate he had been employed to settle. Friend Hopper put it away, saying he would examine it and attend to it as he had leisure. The man called again a short time after, and stated that he had need of six dollars, and was willing to give a receipt for the whole if that sum were advanced. This proposition excited suspicion, and the administrator decided in his own mind that he would pay nothing until he had examined the papers of the deceased. Searching carefully among these, he found a receipt for the money, mentioning the identical items, date, and circumstances of the transaction; stating that a due bill had been given and lost, and was to be restored by the creditor when found. When the man called again for payment, Isaac said to him in a quiet way:

"'Friend Jones, I understand thou hast become pious lately.'

"He replied in a solemn tone, "Yes, thanks to the Lord Jesus, "I have found out the way of salvation!'

"'And thou hast been dipped, I hear,' continued the Quaker. 'Dost thou know James Hunter?'

"Mr. Jones answered in the affirmative.

"'Well he was also dipped some time ago,' rejoined Friend Hopper, 'but his neighbors say they did'nt get the crown of his head under water. The devil crept in under the unbaptized part, and has been busy with him ever since. I am afraid they did'nt get THEE quite under water. I think thou hadst better be dipped again.'

"As he spoke he held up the receipt for twenty dollars. The countenance of the professedly pious man became scarlet, and he disappeared instantly."

It has long been a mystery how it is that the "saving ordinance" of baptism fails to work the needed reformation in so many cases. Now that the cause is found out, we trust the remedy will be applied.

PERJURY.—In a trial for a very serious offence, the prisoner, after conviction, being called upon in the usual manner before judgment was passed, answered: "May Heaven strike me dead, my lord, if I know anything about it." There was a perfect silence in court for nearly a miuute, every one looking at the judge and wondering what was to come next. At last came this startling address: "Prisoner at the bar, Providence not thinking fit to interfere in your case, the sentence of the court upon you is, that you be transported beyond the seas for a period of fifteen years.—*Chamber's Journal.*

The following bit of quaint humor has about as much sound philosophy in it as could be well crowded into so small a space:

Bad luck is a man with his hands in his breeches pockets and a pipe in his mouth, looking on to see how it will come. Good luck is a man to meet difficulties, his sleeves rolled up and working to make it come right.

That virtue which depends on opinion looks to secrecy alone.

For the Spiritual Age.

JOTTINGS FROM MY NOTE-BOOK—NO. 3.

BY DR. CHAS. ROBBINS.

A VISION.

There are times in the experience of every person, when the spirit, or genius of worship, seems to fall upon or possess the mind. The great thought of God rises before us with an overshadowing power, and there seems a stirring of the innermost—a going forth—a worship. It is then that we feel our true relationship, and the medium through which the soul's out-gushings can alone be satisfied. This is not a self-induced state, not an emotion, but the putting on of the true man or woman,—the starting forth of the inner life. Truly, "*There is a spirit in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth them understanding.*" Thus the individual is lost in the sublimity that mantles him. Yet in this listening, teachable state, the material world seems for the hour to put on the air of worship. Lessons of wisdom are often given us mortals through such drapery; the mind is a sort of anthological cabinet of beauty,—the antecedent of the material universe.

* * * * * * *

It was the Sabbath. I arose early, and opening the window-shutters, looked out, while a deep sense of Divine presence seemed to fall upon me. The beautiful shrubbery in the yard seemed instinct with life and worship; as also the blue mountains in the distance. The morning star, fading into the grey, was like a spirit lost in worship. Then the queen of song commenced her matin lays soon followed by the mellow carol of the robin. I took my pencil and paper and essayed to trace what passed before me, but soon gave it up as impracticable.

Anon, a mountain rose in a sort of pyramidical form, on whose top rested a semi-transparent white cloud; there seemed a mysterious illumination about it like the falling of a golden dew. There was a grandeur and a beauty in the scene superior to the artist's divine conception, transcending the vision of the poet; for it was the creation from the fountain of the sublime and beautiful. In astonishment, I gazed on the manifestation before me, and our relationship to the material seemed lost, while the curtain that shuts out the spirit-realm was raised, disclosing to my view the faces and the forms that once loved and walked this earth. With some of them I was once acquainted, yet I knew not how to address them, although I felt divorced from the world and touched with immortality. I was confused, from seeing so much. Turning my head, I saw standing by me a lady stranger, whom I will here call Sarah, whose spirit form I had often seen around a certain friend.

This spirit form directed my attention to the mountain, saying, "This is the mountain house of the Lord," referred to by the prophet.

Next she called my attention to the vast numbers ascending the mount, resting now and then, canopied with tents. Some companies were moving more direct than others. There could be seen the various denominations grouped together. I could hear their hymns. Belonging to these bands were to be seen many vastly in advance of the rank and file. My instructor gave me several names familiar to me.

I noticed after they had ascended a certain distance, they rose without effort, upborne. I noticed that as the pilgrim bands neared the last point, there was a familiarity among them all, not seen in their early march. When near this point, they usually chanted "*Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.*" Far up, I saw multitudes of children—some that I once saw here—full of life and joy, crowned with flowers and jewels, cradled among the gold flecked clouds and sporting on the trackless prism-tinted air. The atmosphere semed laden with the morning breath of fragrance and song. All beings seemed fired with progress, and each step introduced new glories. Serenity and bliss smiled in beauty on every feature. From amidst the semi-transparent haze, or clouds that seemed to shroud this "House of the Lord established upon the mountains," could be traced forms and features, yet not with distinctness; yet there were beams of light shed down that could be clearly traced.

This mountain appeared girdled with a little brook which seemed but a step across; yet while multitudes were quietly stepping on to the foot of the mountain, others were erecting stagings and various devices, which gave way in the very act of their stepping forth. The true path seemed too simple.

In this scene or vision, at once sublime and beautiful, symbols are employed, yet they are luminously significant. This is the universal language of God. Utterance there was as vastly superior to any inflexions of the human voice, as originals are better than copies. There can be no glossary, no correspondence to the angelic language. The beauties of the outward universe and all the divinty of the artist and the fanciful conceptions of the poet, all the workings of genius and art are but daguerreotypes from the mind—the inner self. This intellectual affinity is the dividing line between wisdom and folly, education and ignorance. This is the social law of the spirit world: the simple fraternizing of all beings. Unless we have the creations of fancy and of beauty within ourselves, we can no more see the results of those powers than a blind man can see colors. So of every faculty or power. Milton, Shakspeare, Curran, Burns, Ames, Webster, and their comrades are the heaven-recognized nobility, in contradistinction to the nobility of broad-cloth and wealth. The former look out upon the sapphire arch, and to them it is draped in beauty, and their hearts tell of island pearls, of mountain gems, of minstrelsy, of true loveliness past conception; while the latter class are a sort of leaden or "*copper* humanity," benevolent as the trumpet sounds, enchained by avarice, enslaved by their mammon God. They grasp dust and it often becomes gold in their hands, yet issuing only in grossness and vulgar sensuality.

As this allegorical lesson finished, the import of which it is impossible to misunderstand, the curtain dropped. My eyes then opened upon the windows and spires of yonder church where the sun in his gorgeous splendors was kindling his fires of magnificence, giving me an intimation, however shadowy, of the resplendence that animates the future.

ONE YEAR IN HEAVEN.

As flowers their votive homage pay
When rosy morn assumes her sway—
As winged incense rises up
From Flora's beauteous lilied cup—
As music floats from golden lyres,
And light from heaven's imperial fires,
So passed my darling child away,
One long year since, a year this day.
Oh how my poor, sad heart was riven!
Yet she has lived, "*one year in Heaven*"—
An unmarked year, where cycles roll,
Ceaseless, untraced on mortal scroll;—
A year of sighs to me—to thee
The dawn of blest eternity.

CHARLESTOWN, Feb. 15, 1859.

Virtue, like some flowers, blooms often fairest in the shade.

Poetry and Sentiment.

For the Spiritual Age.

THE SUBLIME.

[From an unpublished work entitled "Pearls from the Poets of all Times and Climes."]

'Tis sweet at hush of night,
By the calm moon to wander,
And view those isles of light
That float so far beyond her
In that wide sea
Whose waters free
Can find no shore to bound them;
On whose calm breast
Pure spirits rest
With all their glory round them.

When all those glorious spheres
The watch of heaven are keeping,
And dews, like angel's tears,
Around are gently weeping,
Oh, who is he
That carelessly
On virtue's bound encroaches,
But will then feel
Upon him steal
Their silent, sweet reproaches?

And when in secret sighs
The lonely heart is pining,
If we but view those skies
With all their bright host shining—
While sad we gaze
On their mild rays
They seem like seraphs smiling
To joys above,
With looks of love
The weary spirit whiling.
O! that my soul all free
From bonds of earth might sever!
O! that those isles might be
Her resting place forever!

CALVERT.

WHAT I LIVE FOR.

I live for those who love me,
Whose hearts are kind and true;
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit too;
For all human ties that bind me;
For the task by God assigned me;
For the bright hopes left behind me,
And the good that I can do.

I live to learn their story
Who've suffered for my sake;
To emulate their glory,
And follow in their wake;
Bards, patriots, martyrs, sages;
The noble of all ages;
Whose deeds crowd history's pages,
And time's great volume make.

I live to hold communion
With all that is divine;
To feel therein is union
'Twixt Nature's heart and mine;
To profit by affliction,
Reap truths from fields of fiction,
Grow wiser from conviction,
And fulfil each great design.

I live to hail that season
By gifted minds foretold,
When men shall live by reason,
And not alone by gold;
When man to man united,
And every wrong thing righted,
The whole world shall be lighted
As Eden was of old.

I live for those who love me
And for those who know me true,
For the Heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit too.
For the cause that lacks assistance;
For the wrong that needs resistance;
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do.

Do good with what thou hast, or it will do thee no good.

We take up our garments, while stepping aside
From the children of sin and of sorrow;
Forgetting we gather a dust in our pride
Which shall bear us through Hades to-morrow.

The most beautiful may be the most admired and caressed, but they are not always the most esteemed and loved."

White-winged angels meet the child
On the vestibule of life

E. OAKES SMITH.

Our prayers and God's mercy are like two buckets in a well—while the one ascends, the other descends."

Oh, there is need that on men's hearts should fall
A spirit that can s mpathise with all!

PHŒBE CAREY.

Innocence always looks upward, meets the most inquisitive and suspicious eye, and stands undaunted before God and man.

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A Successful Independent Clairvoyant, from Maine, has taken rooms at No. 5 Hayward Place. She will examine and give medical remedies for chronic and all diseases arising from weakness, however complicated they may be. In 1843 Mrs. G. discovered that she was a clairvoyant, and could see to locate disease; and from that time she has employed clairvoyance and other kindred means for the relief of the sick with wonderful success. Prior to 1843, Mrs. G. administered vegetable remedies. We fee assured that, by the use of these various means, coupled with our many years' experience, and the blessing of God, we can effect a cure if a cure can be effected. 52

W. H. NUTTER,

TRANCE, HEALING AND DEVELOPING MEDIUM,

105 PLEASANT STREET, BOSTON.

All curable diseases, such as dropsy, liver, heart, spinal, and various other diseases, successfully treated. Charges moderate. Office hours from 9 A M to 5 P M. 12—3m

THE HARMONIAL MAGNETS;

For the cure of disease of the Throat, Lungs and visceral organs, upon new and scientific principles; by HUMPHREY T. PACKER, M. D., Harmonial Physician of fifteen years' practice.

Call and see them at his office in Wood's Block, nearly opposite the Irving House Cambridgeport, from 10 o'clock, A. M., till 4, and from 6 till 9 P. M.

N. B. The Dr. has now but one office, where he may be found, as above. 45—tf

I. G. ATWOOD,

MENTAL AND MAGNETIC PHYSICIAN, (LATE OF LOCKPORT, N. Y.,)

Has taken rooms in the Saratoga Water-Cure, where patients desiring treatment by a well-developed Healing Medium of long experience, may expect to receive the kindest attention and best treatment from him.

Correct Clairvoyant Examinations, with directions for home treatment, $5.

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A true diagnosis of the disease of the person is guaranteed, or no fee will be taken Chronic diseases scientifically treated. Strict attention given to diseases of the Eye and Ear. Cancers removed, and cure warranted. The Electro Chemical Baths will be applied when necessary, for the removal of poisonous minerals from the system. Persons from a distance can be accommodated with good board at a reasonable rate, near the Doctor's office. Office hours from 8 o'clock, A. M. to 6 P. M. No patients received Sundays. 46—tf

WM. E. RICE, CLAIRVOYANT MEDIUM AND PHYSICIAN,

TERMS REDUCED!

OFFICE No. 7 Davis Street, Boston, Mass. If sickness or distance prevent personal attendance, examination can be made from a lock of hair and a statement of the leading symptoms, age and sex. Terms, when the patient is present, $1; when absent, $2. Electricity applied when required.

W. E. R. will answer calls to lecture on Sundays. 41—tf

THE SICK ARE HEALED

WITHOUT MEDICINE. JAMES W. GREENWOOD, Healing and Developing Medium, Rooms No. 15 Tremont street, opposite the Museum. Office hours from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. Other hours he will visit the sick at their houses.

Investigators will find a Test, Rapping, Writing and Trance Medium at the above rooms.

MRS. C. L. NEWTON, HEALING MEDIUM,

Has fully tested her powers, and will sit for the cure of diseases of a chronic nature, by the laying on of hands. Acute pains instantly relieved. Chronic Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Chronic Spinal Diseases, Pains in the Side, Disease of the Liver, Nervous Prostration, Headache, &c. Terms for each sitting, $1.00. Will visit families if required. No. 26 West Dedham street, two doors from Washington street, Boston. 6—tf

N. C. LEWIS, CLAIRVOYANT PHYSICIAN,

Has taken the mansion No. 41 Tremont street, where he will examine and prescribe for the afflicted, under the direction of an Indian Spirit of the olden time. Office hours 9 A M to 5 P M.

N. B. Letters must be addressed to Dr. *N. C.* LEWIS, as above. 15

DR. JOHN SCOTT, MAGNETIC PHYSICIAN,

NO. 16 BOND STREET, NEW YORK.

Dr. S. cures Piles and Cancers without the use of the knife. ☞ All Rheumatic and Chronic Complaints treated with certainty. Hours from 9 A M to 5 P M. 47

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The subscriber has just issued a new work, written a few weeks since by Mr. Davis In preparing his matter for the Philanthropic Convention at Utica, he wrote out several suggestive ideas respecting the Cause and Cure of Evil, or how to "overcome evil with good," which was the great question before that memorable gathering of thinkers and philanthropists. This new production is entitled

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WITH SUGGESTIONS FOR MORE ENNOBLING INSTITUTIONS AND PHILOSOPHICAL SYSTEMS OF EDUCATION.

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HELD AT RUTLAND, VT., June 25th,-26th, 27th, 1858.

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Purifying Syrup, Price $1,00 per bottle. *Nerve Soothing Elixir*, Price 50 cents per bottle. *Healing Ointment*, Price 25 cents per box. *Pulmonary Syrup*, Price 50 cent per bottle.

These Medicines have all been tested and can be relied upon; they contain no poison. They are all *prepared from spirit directions* by WILLIAM R. RICE. For sale by BELA MARSH, 14 Bromfield street, Boston.

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Restorative Syrup—Price $1 per bottle. *Dysentery Cordial*—50 cents. *Elixir*—50 cts. *Neutralizing Mixture*—50 cents. *Pulmonaria*—$1. *Liniment*—$1 *Healing Ointment*—25 cents per box. For sale by BELA MARSH, No. 14 Bromfield street, Boston. 14—tf

Miscellaneous.

AN ASYLUM FOR THE AFFLICTED.

HEALING by laying on of hands. CHARLES MAIN, Healing Medium, has opened an Asylum for the Afflicted at No. 7 *Davis street*, Boston, where he is prepared to accommodate patients desiring treatment by the above process on moderate terms.

☞ Patients desiring board should give notice in advance, that suitable arrangements may be made before their arrival.

Those sending locks of hair to indicate their diseases, should enclose $1 for the examination, with a letter stamp to prepay their postage. Also, state leading symptoms, age and sex.

Office hours from 9 to 12 A. M., and from 2 to 5 P. M.

MISS HARDINGE'S INSPIRATIONAL DISCOURSE

ON THE PLACE AND MISSION OF WOMAN.

Price 10 cents. Also, Mr. Higginson's Rationale of Spiritualism. Price 18 cents For sale by Bela Marsh, 14 Bromfield street. 9—3t.

LIGHT BREAD,

WITHOUT YEAST OR POWDERS.

☞ How to make *light* delicious Bread with simple Flour and Water *only*.

Merely your address and one dime will ensure you by return of mail a little book on Healthful Cooking and How to Make Light Bread with Flour and Water only. Persons interested are invited to call and see this delicious bread. TEMPERANCE HOUSE, Nos. 18 and 20 Lagrange place, Boston.

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DR. AMMI BROWN, 24 1-2 Winter street (Ballou's Building), by a new article o Gold Filling, is prepared to restore teeth, *however badly decayed or broken*, to their original shape and strength, avoiding in most cases the necessity of removal. Teeth extracted by *Electricity* without extra charge. 8—tf

REMOVAL!

DR. REDMAN has removed his office from 108 4th Avenue to 100 Bleeker street where he will receive visitors and patients as usual. 6

PHILADELPHIA BOARDING.

M. A HENCK has opened a fine large house for permanent and transient boarders at No. 202 Franklin street, opposite Franklin Square—a beautiful central location with the comforts of home. 2—tf

SPIRITUAL, CLAIRVOYANT, AND MESMERIC PRESCRIPTIONS,

CAREFULLY prepared by OCTAVIUS KING, Botanic Apothecary, 554 Washington street, under Pine Street Church, Boston.

All of Mrs. Mettler's Medicines for sale as above. f

FOUNTAIN HOUSE.

A home for Spiritualists, Temperance men and women, and for all others who wish for quiet, order and comfort. This house is now under the management of the subscriber, who will always be at his post ready to attend to the wants of those who may favor him with a call, at the corner of Harrison Avenue and Beach street.

39 tf E. V. WILSON, Manager for the Proprietors.

A. B. CHILD, M. D., DENTIST,

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